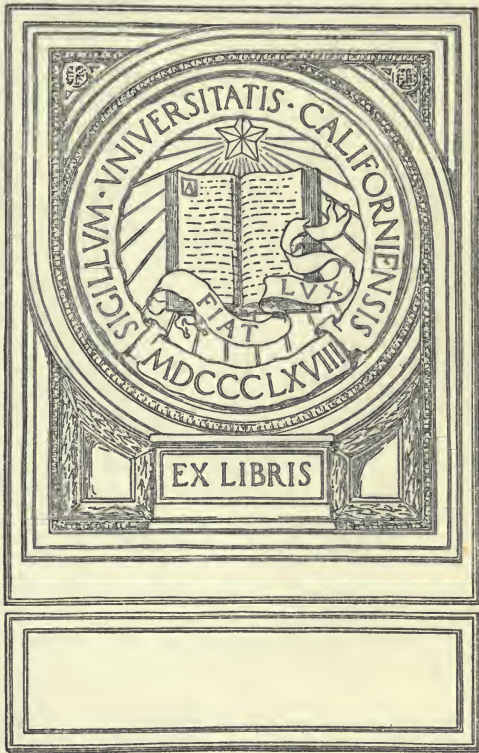


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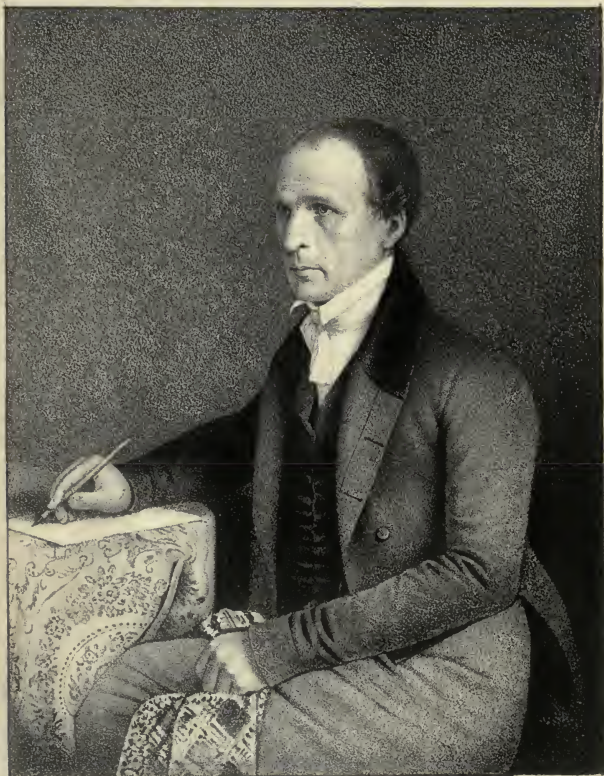








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ALBERT WHITE, M.D.

SACRED POEMS,

Poems of Love & Romance,

HUMOROUS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

---

BY ALBERT WHITE, M. D.

---

· VIR NASCITUR NON FIT POETA. ·

SPRINGFIELD :

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1846.

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TO THE  
ASSOCIATION

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846,  
By ALBERT WHITE,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of  
Massachusetts.

THIS Work is respectfully dedicated to my Patrons, who have kindly given me their names in advance, with a promise to receive the work when published, whereby I have been enabled to commit it to press; and for the friendly aid they have afforded me, I feel, and shall continue to feel, under lasting obligations. Their names will be appended to the work.

THE AUTHOR.

*Wentley in this copy*





# P O E M S .

---

## DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth ! and where are ye gone ?  
Those sweet hours of pastime to me ;  
When nature, all round, like May's mild morn,  
Made me bless'd as well I could be.

The joy I had in my youth, has fled,  
And moments of innocent glee,  
How little I thought of them till sped !  
And they all had vanish'd from me.

O ! could they once more to me return,  
And I live them all o'er again,  
How quick from myself I those should spurn,  
That bring me no pleasure, but pain.

But now it seems I must sit and sigh,  
For those Heavenly hours that are gone ;  
While the tears stand trembling in my eye,  
When I think of those days to come.

Hopes of my youth as the sunbeams bright,  
How quick have ye vanish'd away !  
The prospects before are as dark as night,  
And I tremble, as well I may.

My fears in youth, how quickly they fled !  
My hopes were so buoyant and bright ;  
On the path before me, soon was shed,  
Some gleam of encouraging light.

But no more can all these scenes return ;  
The thought is affecting to me ;  
Yet from them trust a lesson to learn,  
That nothing substantial can be.

---

### AN EVENING REFLECTION.

Beneath a willow whose thick, pliant boughs  
A cool shade form'd from the sun's potent rays,  
I seated me.

'Twas at decline of day ;  
Nature looked mellow, and the air was balm ;  
To meditation 'twas a season due,  
And due to sacred song.

The feather'd tribe  
Seemed to enjoy it well ; for their soft notes  
Incessantly they rais'd, as if instinct

Had taught them to adore, in nature's strains,  
Their Great Creator and Preserver, God ;  
And thanks return, ere they should go to rest—  
A lesson for proud man !

Now silent all,  
As if all had concluded with Amen ;  
And praises ended ; they had gone to rest.  
Now fast the harbinger of night and day  
Was setting in the western hemisphere ;  
And now appear'd, shorn of his orient beams,  
The harbinger of night.

And setting now  
Below the verge of day, the skirted clouds  
Above, had touched with such soft pencilings,  
As well might seem to be the masterpiece  
Of some angelic hand.

Vesperus now,  
Swift as this globose body, so sublime !  
As in its course it moves, the evening mild  
Led forth, from regions equatorial ;  
In company with planetary worlds,  
Which in their orbits, wheel their daily rounds,  
And by the rays reflected of our sun  
Appear to us like balls of crystal fire,  
Hung high in the immense.

The silent night,  
Curtained in sable, called on man and beast,  
And like the warblers, bid them seek repose  
From all their toils.

The Nightingale alone  
Was an exception to this mild request ;  
For she while nature seem'd in silence hush'd,  
High on some pointed promontory top  
Tuned her nocturnal notes.

The silence seem'd  
As pleas'd, with strains of her soft melodies :  
And lofty hills and lowly dells around  
Re-echo'd back the notes, in symphony,  
The most melliflous.

---

### THE NATURE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Here in unthoughtful state I sit,  
Nor know on what to write ;  
My feeble muse is wandering, yet  
I'll scribble on ; perchance to night  
E'er yonder sun the clouds shall touch  
With his own golden hues,  
Some happy circumstance may fetch  
Things clearer to my views.

O ! I have felt what to unfold  
Would give me no relief,  
Those feelings now are gone ;—and cold  
This heart, where nought but grief

Hath its companion been, and where  
Since my fond hopes have fell,  
The bitter wailings of despair  
In smothered murmurs swell.

With cold indifference I look  
On every thing I see,  
And friendship of this world rebuke,  
'Tis but a name to me :  
'Tis transient as my nightly dreams,  
Yet blustering as wind ;  
Who need it least have most it seems,  
Who most the least can find.

The rich, amidst their luxury,  
Friendship incessant courts ;  
The poor, oppressed with poverty,  
She seldom to resorts ;  
But turn the tables, we shall see  
The first class friendship flies,  
And quick with fulsome flattery, she  
The second too applies.

## VIRTUE.

## OPINIONS OF — TO A YOUNG LADY.

Virtue its own reward, 's a proverb true  
With which still many little have to do ;  
Yet, notwithstanding freely some accord,  
To give to virtue its own just reward,  
Yet some there are less scrupulous, I guess,  
Call brightest virtues greatest selfishness :  
And some there are, philosophers I find,  
Call virtues but an educated mind.  
What ! education make a man humane !  
Pious and chaste ! why did it not Tom Paine ?  
And why not Hume—and why was not Voltaire,  
As virtuous—as they most learned were ?  
Shame on such reason ! learning, to be civil  
May make a greater saint, or greater devil ;  
For education never made a mind,  
But gives the features of its primal kind.  
As ground upturned lies most exposed to view,  
The richest soil, and the most barren too :  
But give it nature ! Art cannot pretend,  
But some assistance secondary lend.  
Though many meanings are to virtue given,  
If I mistake not, more than seven times seven ;  
There is a meaning and above all price !  
Another, and a different one from vice ;  
Be what it may, of every variant kind,  
In its broad sense I urge it on your mind ;



That to your faith this virtue you should add,  
And knowledge too with which the mind is fed ;  
And to your knowledge temperance be join'd,  
And female patience, of the meekest kind,  
And Godliness and kindred kindness be  
To patience added, and sweet charity ;  
If all these things be in you and abound,  
And sure I know not, but they may be found,  
Then you have all that I could wish for thee,  
Through life, in death, and for eternity.

---

#### A THUNDER STORM AT SEA.

Upon the pathless deep we rode,  
And starless was the sky ;  
And a thick darkness all abroad  
Told of a tempest nigh.

The moon no pale effulgence gave ;  
Covered as with a pall,  
To be encoffined for the grave,  
Forever hid from all.

That night, upon the shoreless deep,  
No light could we espy ;  
And banished was the thought of sleep,  
And watchful every eye.

Anon a clap of thunder burst,  
Presaged by lightning dire ;  
Quickly another flash the first  
Answered in dreadful ire.

As if the elements at war  
Were fighting in the sky ;  
And Ocean, angry at the jar,  
Swelled her deep bosom high.

Rather, as if the gods that night,  
With shields opposing high,  
Smote with their dazzling orbs of light  
God's rebels down the sky ;

With blows of such almighty force  
No rebel arm could brook ;  
That fell with more than angel voice,  
And earth and ocean shook.

The rigging looked at times as fired,  
The sea-birds hovered o'er,  
The vessel rocked and groaned as tired,  
As rain began to pour.

Of all these elements the sport,  
Each mariner aghast  
Applied himself to some resort,  
As though it was the last.

With anxious minds we rode the wave,  
For safety trembling each,  
Lest all should find one watery grave,  
No history could reach.

But as the silver grey of morn  
Rose o'er the verge of day,  
The fear from elements was gone,  
And terrors fled away.

The sky was calm, and clear, and bright,  
And the broad-bosomed deep,  
That swelled so angrily the night,  
Was tranquil, as a sleep.

---

### PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS.

Praise God ! who over worlds presides,  
And bids them do his will ;  
Who formed, sustains them, and who guides  
Each in the course they wheel  
Throughout the vast immensity ;  
Above, around, afar,  
Whose central systems seem to be  
Each but a twinkling star.

Praise God ! whose wisdom all controls  
In perfect harmony ;  
And peopled with immortal souls  
Worlds that no eye can see ;  
And who declares that God alone  
He is, and none beside ;  
And who no other God will own,  
No other can abide.

Praise Him ! who to Eternity  
No bounds hath ever set,  
That man or angel there could be  
The final sum come at.  
Millions on millions multiplied  
Indefinite, must be  
Mere cyphers only, when applied  
To God's Eternity.

Praise Him ! whose Holiness must be  
And Justice, Mercy, Truth,  
Lasting as his Eternity :  
As boundless in their growth,  
If growth could ever be applied  
To him who knows no change,  
Or highest seraphim had tried  
And found their utmost range.

Praise Him ! who no beginning has,  
And who can know no end ;

Who clothes with righteousness his laws,  
    With his own finger penned ;  
Who makes the holy angels all  
    The subjects of His will ;  
Each standing ready at His call,  
    His mandates to fulfil.

Praise Him ! for He is God alone ;  
    Praise Him ! the angels do ;  
Praise Him ! the Great Eternal One ;  
    Praise Him ! praise is His due ;  
Praise Him ! and bend to Him the knee ;  
    Praise Him ! and love Him too ;  
Praise Him ! the Great in mystery ;  
    Praise Him ! thy whole life through.

Praise Him ! of systems all, the soul ;  
    The mainspring of their powers :  
Whose mind moves perfect on the whole,  
    As do our systems ours ;  
Since in the scale of being must,  
    To make the chain complete,  
Somewhere immortal mind with dust  
    In apposition meet.

There's not a world through boundless space  
    But doth obey his will ;  
Nor central system we can trace  
    But gives effulgence still ;

There's not an angel round the throne  
His praises would refuse  
Unto the Great Eternal One ;  
Nor not a saint that does.

There's not a breath of air doth blow ;  
Nor not a leaf doth fall ;  
Nor river to the ocean flow ;  
Or ocean move at all ;  
Or forests grow upon the hill ;  
Or spire of grass, or flower,  
But doth obey their Maker's will,  
Submissive to his power.

All things their Great Creator praise,  
And all obey his will ;  
Man evidence alone betrays  
That man alone hath fell :  
But Mighty God ! thy grace can keep  
Me safe in all my ways ;  
And when in Death I fall asleep,  
O ! give me nobler praise !

## REFLECTIONS ON MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Who from this rugged mountain height  
Can stretch his vision far away,  
On towns and villages all bright,  
And clustering fields, and meads that lay  
In nature's green stretched at thy feet?  
O'er which the zephyrs sporting play,  
Swelling and waving in retreat  
The grass, romantic as the sea.

And who these orchards see in bloom,  
Thick as the trees of forest swell,  
And fruit trees round each splendid home,  
A palace like that stud the dell;  
And see amidst each ville a fane,  
Sacred to God's own worship given,  
Upon whose steeple swings a vane  
That peers aloft and dares the heaven?

Ah! who can stand upon this Mount,  
And gaze upon these regions fair;  
The sum of blessings to recount,  
Profusely heap'd upon them there.  
And see upon this winding stream,  
That rolls majestic deep below;  
Boats by the mad'ning power of steam,  
Against both wind and current go?



Ah! who upon these regions fair,  
Can look upon, with thoughtless eyes?  
Ah! who? nor once revert to where,  
Stretched ever-blooming Paradise!  
Where our first parents 'neath its bowers,  
Passed each revolving hour away;  
In pruning and in culling flowers,  
And happy all the live-long day.

How bless'd were our first parents there!  
With such as bounteous nature gives;  
How balmy was their Eden air!  
How undisturb'd their quiet lives!  
Till Satan found their Eden seat,  
Of trees and vines and scented flowers;  
And by his lies gained their retreat,  
And drove them from their Eden bowers.

For they unpractised in deceit,  
Partook of the forbidden tree;  
Their freedom lost, and Eden seat,  
And Satan gained his victory.  
Such was the fate of our first pair,  
And such the fate of nature's son;  
As cheated those, so these were here,  
And lost this land I stand upon.

Where are those sons of Nature now,  
Who once inhabited this place?

Tall, straight, and of commanding brow !  
With eagle eye, and swift in chase,  
A nobleman, amid the wood,  
Arm'd with his arrow, bow and string,  
Of all this region was the lord ;  
And trod each foot of earth a King.

He never sought, Connecticut !  
On all thy banks, this valley through,  
No mansion, but his lowly hut,  
No steamboat, but his birch canoe ;  
He gambol'd o'er these rugged hills,  
And on thy river banks would go ;  
Caught trout and salmon, pike and eels,  
And on these mountains slew the roe.

His wants were few, these he supplied ;  
No earthly monarch could do more.  
Upon such rustic fare they fed,  
As nature put within their power,  
And they were happy in their wilds,  
With children clung upon their knees ;  
And fearless, all exchang'd their smiles,  
And birds sung to them on their trees.

And who were they could rudely mar  
The Natives in their wild retreat ?  
Or in the panoply of war,  
Could hunt them in their wigwam seat,

And drive them from their gaming grounds,  
The rugged hills, and lowly glen,  
Lovely in nature's scenery crowned ?  
Ah! who? but avaricious men.

And such were they, the natives here,  
Who found when they the ocean's brim  
Had reached, and tied their large boat there,  
And made a prayer, and sung a hymn  
Upon that rock, whose rugged crest  
Defi'd the dash of ocean's waters ;  
And God, for safe arrival, bless'd  
Who brought them to these unknown borders.

New England ! dark was the night  
That pioneer of the deep,  
Gazing intent, espied a light  
Upon thy shores ; there was no sleep  
Among the crew—each looked for day ;  
Who first should spy with aching eyes  
Thy coasts in distance stretch'd away,  
And grasp the royal proffered prize .

Cold was the season of the year  
When brave Columbus, sword in hand,  
At dawn of day thy coasts drew near,  
Stepped first upon, and kissed the land.  
Thy cliffs and mounts, each lowly dell,  
Thy forest wiles, each stream and bay—

New England ! I love them well,  
Thou shouldst be called Columbia.

The natives from their solitudes  
Of snowy mounts and cliffs, and glen,  
Came down and slyly through their woods,  
The vessel saw, and strange men ;  
Nor is it strange that they should wonder,  
If they an animal looked on,  
With lightning eyes, and voice of thunder,  
And men, the children of their sun.

As heirs of their own idol God,  
The natives welcomed them on shore,  
Their vessel to a tree that stood  
Tradition says they made secure ;  
And being cold and hungry there,  
And many sick among their crew,  
They tendered them their rustic fare,  
And all such natives well could do.

The vessel soon by ice was bound,  
They could not, would they, sail away ;  
And now they asked, and now they found,  
The winter with them they could stay.  
When all the stores they had were gone,  
Brought with them in their vessel there,  
The natives furnish'd them with corn,  
And beans, and plenty of such fare.

Yet some excuse, as Spring unbound  
The icy fetters of the sea,  
To calm the red man's fears was found,  
And give them time for mastery.  
Some land of them they begged or bought,  
Or hired to raise their crops upon ;  
The honest natives freely taught  
Them how to cultivate their corn.

Nor was it long upon their shore,  
Ere more pale faces hove in view ;  
Bringing their tempting trinkets o'er,  
And laden with their whiskey too.  
Those men had learned the Ethics well,  
So long been taught in modern schools,  
That lands for trinkets they would sell,  
When they were made as drunk as fools.

In this they prospered ; strange to tell !  
How much of their best lands they got  
By modes of gambling that can well  
Nor be forgiven nor forgot.  
Nor even then did jealousy  
Inflame the red man's honest breast,  
Till they were plainly brought to see  
That they were crowded to the West.

Till they had lost their hunting ground,  
Till they their fisheries had lost,

And much of their best soil, that bound  
Their fishing streams and ocean coast.  
The white man now full strong had grown  
And showed his consequence, and power,  
Before the red man showed a frown,  
Or *dreamed* a battte cloud would lower.

Now jealousy each party seized ;  
They cried to arms ! they took the field ;  
Each bent on vengeance, full appeased,  
And each against all mercy steeled.  
The red man fought for liberty ;  
The white for conquest and for power.  
For Liberty ! who would not be  
A savage too, thus trampled o'er ?

To arms ! to arms ! the drums did beat,  
And friends were called to meet the foe ;  
Like minute men, from their retreat,  
They rushed from hills and valleys low,  
Each fully bent on mastery,  
The foeman fearless met his foe ;  
And now commenced the butchery,  
Of war, and massacre, and woe.

Now bayonets were bathed in blood,  
And scalping knives were steeped in slaughter ;  
And now was seen the crimson flood  
To flow in rivulets like water.



As blood of heroes does not flow  
In sires not only, but the daughter,  
These valiantly oft met the foe,  
As sires by their example taught her.

The earth was by as brave blood wet  
As ever yet was shed upon ;  
And who can easily forget  
Those scenes of blood and carnage gone ?  
Nor Bunker's height, nor Lexington,  
No braver blood could ever boast,  
Than through those savage bosoms ran,  
Or in the Indian War was lost.

Long was the struggle and severe,  
The white men with the natives had ;  
And who can read nor drop a tear  
O'er the amount of blood they shed ?  
Which flowed like rivers to the sea,  
And baptized all this fair domain  
With blood ; the world's great agony,  
And deep and everlasting stain.

Alas ! such natives off were driven,  
Who long had fought their land to save,  
The God of Nature had them given,  
As did not find a warrior's grave.  
The few remaining of those braves,  
Since all their country they have lost,



Like ghosts among their fathers' graves,  
Look sad, forsaken, and downcast.

Those nations now are mostly dead !  
Gone their heart-bursting orators !  
Gone, too, are those avengers dread ;  
The heart and soul of all those wars.  
How thoughtlessly their bones we plough !  
Whose fame should be the theme of story,  
And deeds immortal, which might throw  
O'er any nation, lasting glory.

Beneath their humble mounds they sleep,  
Lying forgotten in their glory ;  
Nor doth a monument now keep  
Sacred their names or deeds in story :  
Naught but the vines of forest creep  
O'er mounds where they so low are sleeping ;  
And o'er their graves, the rude winds sweep,  
Whose dust should lie in holy keeping.

How long ! how long ! shall vengeance sleep ?  
God is a jealous God, and holy !  
Whose burning wrath ere long will sweep,  
For those who fought and bled so boldly  
For freedom, o'er this country fair !  
And blood like water will be shed !  
And beast shall scent it on the air,  
And on their pale dead bodies feed.

Though crushed their freedom, 'tis not dead !  
A tyrant's yoke they ne'er will wear ;  
And retribution will be fed  
With blood ! upon our west frontier.  
The eye of vengeance soon will flash !  
Such clouds shall lower that men will wonder ;  
And steel with foeman's steel shall clash ;  
And guns shall roar, and cannon thunder.

The natives never can forget  
The whites have fattened by their slaughter ;  
And peaceably they will not let  
The white man live upon their border :  
Their scalping knives they soon will steep  
In many bosoms ! blood must flow !  
Earth groans ! and vengeance will not sleep  
Till blood baptizeth it anew !

## LIBERTY.

Written for a 4th of July Celebration—To the tune America.

We sing of Liberty,  
For freemen will be free.  
The world can tell  
How that our fathers fought ;  
And we were early taught  
Too dear the price that bought  
Freedom to sell.

And Freedom, under God,  
Should ne'er in dust be trod ;  
But live on earth.  
What struggles here were had !  
How freely blood was shed !  
By those now with the dead,  
To give it birth.

This day we celebrate  
Is what all tyrants hate,  
And would destroy.  
Day that we love so well,  
And all delight to dwell  
Upon, whose bosoms swell  
With Freedom's joy.

We hold in sacred trust  
Our fathers' rich bequest,  
    This annal day.  
And if it must need be,  
For children too, will we  
Fight for their Liberty,  
    As brave as they.

Our Fathers' blood still flows  
Within our veins, and knows  
    No ebbing tide.  
To emulate our sires  
Each heart beats with desires :  
For Freedom too aspires  
    In conscious pride.

Bind Liberty in chains !  
While she on earth remains !  
    Ah ! who shall dare !  
As well may tyrants try  
The lightnings of the sky  
To bind ! or clouds that fly !  
    Or whirlwind air !

The following lines were composed on our State Fast Day Morning, immediately upon hearing from an authentic source of the death of our late President, William Henry Harrison, upon the spur of the moment; and being prepared for afternoon, it was sung on the mournful occasion.

Oh! let us fast! O, let us pray!  
And all our nation mourning wear,  
For HARRISON is snatched away!  
Our sanguine hope—our nation's care.

From his retirement he was bid  
Our nation's sentinel to be;  
Who oft had for his country bled,  
To guard our flagging liberty.

One fleeting month he stood our chief,  
To warm our hopes—our hearts inspire;  
Then leave our nation whelm'd in grief,  
For God then called him to retire.

Submissive to his Maker's will  
As ever bowed in sweet assent;  
And o'er us, lo! has come a spell  
Till now was never—never sent!

For gone is our beloved son!  
And all our nation feels to mourn:  
Gone is our second Washington!  
From whence no traveller is borne.

But all is right, for God is just,  
And will be worshipped but alone :  
So since in man we placed our trust,  
He snatched away our Harrison.

Now Lord ! we lift our hearts to thee,  
To raise our hopes, to calm our fears ;  
To guard our sacred liberty,  
And dry a nation's tears.

---

#### STANZAS ON MAN.

What man is he, whose mind is bent  
All of his better half to ruin ?  
Who's restless, full of discontent,  
Unless his Master's work is doing.

I know not who ; but many are  
Disposed to go all lengths and measures,  
If they can only dupe the fair,  
And lie from them their precious treasures.

Such men may be called learned, or great ;  
Accomplished, handsome, seeming civil ;  
But horns, and tails, and cloven feet,  
Would make such gentlemen a devil.



## NATURE OF HAPPINESS.

How false are all things here below !  
And yet how seeming fair !  
Sure of some prize, we grasp ; but lo !  
It vanishes to air.

As in our dreams gold dust we heap  
Unto ourselves as real ;  
But eager grasps disturb our sleep,  
And prove the hope ideal.

And so we dream away our lives,  
Of happiness so sure :  
We oft will grasp it, but it flies,  
And still our hopes allure.

As in the mirror'd water once,  
A dog with meat below  
Tript thought he saw, so made a pounce,  
And all his own let go.

With happiness 'tis much the same,  
But just beyond our reach,  
And if we spring upon the game,  
We lose more than we catch.

He happiness will make most sure,  
Who tries the least to gain ;  
And of all others, 'tis most pure  
And likely to remain.



For happiness springs from the mind,  
 Contentment makes the feast ;  
 Without that, there is none I find ;  
 That gives it all the zest.

---

### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

'Tis now the dead of night ; and darkness deep  
 From hemisphere to hemisphere hath drawn  
 Her sable curtains round.

Silence profound !

As when in that dread moment, silent all,  
 The trump of God Omnipotent shall sound,  
 And earth self-balanced from her center heave ;  
 And cleaving tombs yield up the slumb'ring dead,  
 To sleep no more.

One presence there is felt,  
 When all is darkness and is silence round,  
 The presence of Divinity alone ;  
 Which adds solemnity unto the scene  
 Of midnight darkness now.

'Tis even so.

The stars and all those other wand'ring fires  
 That through the vault of Heaven's arched canopy  
 Propitious shine, with a refulgent light,  
 Their twinklings all have ceased.

## The modest moon

Her bashful face hath veiled, nor deigns a smile  
 To guide the wayward traveller aright,  
 Nor can our visual ken one blush perceive  
 From her pale virgin face.

## Darkness sublime !

And sweet, when all a solemn silence holds ;  
 Nor is there other time so fit as that  
 When nature all is clothed in mourning deep,  
 To meditate on the Eternal One ;  
 And hold communion with departed hours,  
 And ask what record they have borne to Heaven,  
 That we must answer to.

## Then, darkness, hail !

And so expressive shine into my mind,  
 Shine, with such glory, and such bursting light,  
 As all my mid-days never have perceived ;  
 My mournful muse inspire, and bid me speak  
 Of things to mortal sight invisible ;  
 And to disprove what infidels affirm,  
 That souls immortal men do not possess,  
 Because forsooth souls never have been seen :  
 And could they prove this, which would be a task,  
 They prove too much, and I will meet them here :  
 This bold assertion proves they have their thoughts ;  
 But infidels one thought have never seen ;  
 Yet do they not exist ?

## They have their pains ;

What infidel can doubt it though unseen ?

And are not pains, like souls, invisible ?  
 But by their reasoning, from their premises,  
 In the conclusion they must all be lodged  
 That pains do not exist.

They hearing have ;

But infidels can never show us sound,  
 More than can we show them departed souls ;  
 And will they argue sounds do not exist ?  
 As well they might that ears were made in vain !  
 And that for once dame nature hath o'ershot  
 In her designs.

The gift of sight they have ;

And in their senses they will not deny,  
 Who boast they can more accurately see  
 Than the poor Christian can ;—whose sight  
 They say religious mummary has warped :  
 Or in hereafter they would not believe,  
 Or immortality of human souls ;  
 The last of which the former must imply  
 As inference direct.

But can they show

Sight to the Christian ? feeling, pleasure, pain,  
 Or sound, or exercises of the mind :  
 As fear or hope, revenge or jealousy ;  
 Or pride, humility ; or memory  
 Of things already past ?

Ah ! if they can,

That Christians may them see, and racking pains  
 Bring also to our view—and after all

No soul immortal show, to comfort us,  
Whose hope rest all in this,—their greatest fear,  
The immortality of man ; we then,  
And not before, will all believe that souls  
Do not exist immortal after death ;  
And that it is a creature of the brain  
Of those who little brains possess,—since these  
Through weakness, as their saying is, alone  
Have notions so ridiculous.

But more ;

If not immortal, can they make it plain  
For what important ends the world was made ?  
To minds contemplative,—things of this world,  
If view'd as objects ultimate, must seem  
In their importance, very small indeed !  
And he who gains the highest worldly good,  
Gains but a bubble ! but a breath of wind !  
When with the scope of their capacities  
It is compared.

But there are reasons more ;

What is there answering to the end of man,  
If this world is their end,—whose brightest hopes  
Of usefulness are blasted in their dawn ?  
With but foundation laid of future good :  
If all is nature this, then it would seem  
She oft her efforts foils ; and must appear  
As most abortive in her great designs ;  
Could things of earth be the great end of man  
Thus snatched away ?

I still more reasons give  
As evidence, men have immortal souls ;  
Why is the infant born, but for to die ?  
And what gains nature in a farce like this,  
If there is nothing immaterial,  
By Christians thought to be immortal souls ?  
What is that, seemingly so unimpair'd  
Which seems to strengthen, and to brighten too,  
Still more and more, as bodies feel decay :  
And oft shines brightest at our death-bed scenes ?

Our conscience answers, the immortal soul ;  
And so must infidels, or silence keep ;  
Sure, we were made for immortality !  
And let who will disprove it, if they can :  
And till they do, the fact I will assume,  
And hence draw comfort from the life to come.

How it inspires the soul ; life after death !  
The hope of happiness ! the hope of Heaven !  
Where saints may live without the fear of death,  
Or pain, or sorrow, anguish or a tear ;  
And where no sin an enterance can gain  
To mar the Christian's happiness complete.  
Oh ! 'tis a blessed hope, to have revealed  
The hope of Heaven—of immortality !  
Where saints forever in God's presence live,  
And drink fruition in, and perfect bliss ;  
With minds expanding through Eternity !

Exploring still new wonders to adore,  
And ever learning, still will scarce begin  
To comprehend the boundless Infinite !  
Who in advance such floods of light will pour,  
Of wisdom and of glory unobscured ;  
Unfolding still, as saints may higher soar,  
New glories still, for them to gaze upon ;  
And lessons for them ever new to learn,  
Whose minds still more expand, as more they know ;  
From glory unto glory, rising still  
To comprehend the boundless Deity,  
Throughout the circle of eternal day.  
'Tis hope of life immortal after death ;  
And hope of happiness connected with,  
That keeps the saints of earth from sinking here,  
Toss'd as they are on life's tempestuous sea,  
With thousand beacons out to lead astray  
And strand them oft, and sink them could it be ;  
While but One only guides them safely on,  
And gives them mooring in the port of Heaven.  
'Tis this alone that bears us up in death ;  
A balm of consolation to the soul,  
About to burst from its clay tenement.  
Yes! it is this binds up the broken heart ;  
Our hopes support, and all our sorrows foil,  
And lights the gloomy prospects of the grave ;  
And robs the king of terror of his sting,  
And puts the shout of victory ! in the mouth  
Of dying saints, who view but no more  
Than as their entrance to eternal rest.



## POEM TO C——.

Come thou fair damsel, and my muse inspire,  
And weave my thoughts in rhyme ;  
For but the thought of thee can set on fire  
My soul, and 't is no crime  
To think of that which happiness confers,  
Where all is innocence.  
But time deferred is destitute of spurs ;  
I mean, C——, no offence.

For I have thoughts, and feelings too I have ;  
As sensitive as true ;  
And could you know, you surely would believe,  
Since there are others who  
Would step betwixt us, and would take your shoes,  
And proffer all their charms ;  
But till your vows are broken, I shall choose  
No other to my arms.

Oft have I stood, and often too have thought  
To hear their flattery o'er ;  
If they but knew the deep contempt it wrought  
On my fixed mind, no more  
Would they with smiles so loving greet, and seem  
So like a honey moon ;  
Perhaps to gain more surely my esteem,  
And make me turn my tune.



Yet when the train I but compare to thee,  
And draw a just contrast,  
I see their follies—and thy worth I see,  
So constant! so steadfast!  
So unassuming, modest, mild, sincere,  
And so engaging too;  
All thoughts of others quickly disappear,  
And present only you.

And must this ardent heart of mine be chill,  
And all my hopes be vain;  
Can that enamoring bosom cease to feel,  
Which lilies well might stain?  
Can those cerulean eyes once cease to smile,  
In languishment that roll?  
Or those cherubic lips be turned to guile,  
Or speak in language cold?

Must it, a fond illusion, pass away,  
Of ail my heart holds dear,  
And shall it be a phantom'd vision?—say  
And must this visage wear  
The gloom of expectations wrung from life?  
And this warm bosom feel  
The sting of blighted hopes most poignant strife,  
Through every fibre steal?

For me you say your friendship shall remain  
Sincere, until your death;

And ask that mine for you may be the same,  
Till I resign my breath ;  
Till death shall o'er me his cold mantle throw,  
And these pulse cease to move,  
Affection for you shall forever glow,  
Nor this heart cease to love.

And when some years have onward swept away,  
And I no more remain ;  
If your life should be spared, come where I lay ;  
Not to behold again  
The one who loved you, but to view his grave ;  
And perhaps drop a tear,  
The grass bedewing, that may o'er me wave,  
Upon the low mound there.

And as from it you turn yourself away,  
And mingle with the throng,  
Bestow one thought on me and where I lay ;  
Yet as you pass along,  
Through all the changing, transitory scene,  
Of this world's weal or wo,  
Let not the thoughts, from changes that have been,  
All other things forego.

But should I live to see that lovely form,  
Laid in the narrow grave,  
And all the worth and beauty that adorn,  
Beyond the power to save ;

How often should I steal myself away,  
 To weep above thee there ;  
 And in the struggles of my soul to pray,  
 In agony of prayer.

And as the last sad office I could do,  
 A primrose I would set  
 Near to thy head, whose tear-drops might bedew  
 Each morn thy grave, and wet  
 The place with crystals, no less pure than those  
 I freely should bestow,  
 Were I to stand, as would the weeping rose,  
 And o'er thy cold grave bow.

---

#### ON INFANT CONSECRATION.

The infants in his arms took he,  
 And blessing them he said,  
 Let little children come to me,  
 And let no one forbid.

For of such little ones as these  
 The Kingdom is of Heaven.  
 The Savior knows ; who would him please  
 Bring forth your infants even.

Yet on them as His hand did place,  
 No water did He use ;

For that but shadows forth the grace  
His simple touch bestows.

But water now, an emblem made  
Of purifying Grace,  
Once by the Savior's touch conveyed,  
Is sprinkled on their face.

If ye are Christ's and Abraham's seed,  
The call is made to you,  
To consecrate, as Abraham did  
His children ; see you do.

Then you the promises can plead,  
And feel it almost sure,  
That blessings on your children's heads  
Will rest, that will endure.

---

#### STANZAS ON FEMALES.

When girls so foolish, stoop to folly,  
Unmindful of the cost ;  
What can assuage their melancholy,  
When chastity is lost ?

What can appease their injured lover,  
Or can their wrongs repay ?  
No penitence such guilt can cover,  
Or wipe such stain away.

## THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

These lines were suggested by the remarks of a child four years old.

Mother, this bread is hard indeed !  
Why don't we have cakes nice,  
And such as formerly we had,  
When in that great white house ?  
Oh ! 'twas a pretty house, mamma !  
I love to live there so !  
You made sweet music there, mamma !  
Your fingers made it go.

Then 'pa would laugh, and fondly take  
And trot me on his knee ;  
Would call me his dear boy, and make  
Most every thing of me.  
Mamma, what makes 'pa always sick ?  
I wish it might be o'er ;  
I tremble if to me he speak,  
He stamps so on the floor.

He speaks so loud I am afraid  
Whene'er he speaks to me :  
George ! George ! he says, go off to bed !  
What can the reason be ?  
Say ! when, mamma, will he get well,  
And take me on his knee ;  
And love me as he did, and tell  
Such pretty tales to me ?

But 'ma, a tear stands in your eye ;  
Just let me wipe it, mother :  
It 's dropped ; another comes I see ;  
And Oh ! there comes another !  
Did I cause you these tears, mamma,  
That trickle down each eye ?  
You used to smile ; and so did 'pa ;  
And what now makes you cry ?

Hush ! Innocent ; you cannot stop  
Your mother's flowing tears ;  
The overflowings of a fount  
Of blighted hopes, and fears,  
Of anguish, mis'ry, and despair ;  
She cannot tell you when  
Your 'pa will love you ; for I fear  
He is a drunken man.

---

AN ACROSTIC ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND D. W.

Do unto others, as you would  
All others should to you ;  
Vice flee for life, seek to be good,  
Injustice ne'er pursue ;  
Dear sir ! is it in you ?



With all thy gettings, see you get  
Heaven's sanctifying grace ;  
In piety is bliss, and yet  
Thousands neglect the space,  
Entitling them to grace.

---

### THE GUITAR.

From all the cares of life retired,  
And many cares there are,  
There's nothing that hath so inspired,  
As the sweet toned guitar.

Midst battles and commotions great,  
And all the clang of war ;  
Retired, and nothing sounds more sweet,  
Than strains on the guitar.

When disappointments we have have met,  
And wish them all afar ;  
To calm our spirits, we will get  
The silver-toned guitar.

When all the sky is clear and bright,  
And clouded, not a star ;  
All in the stillness of the night,  
How sweet is the guitar.



## NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

O'er mountains, and through valleys,  
Wherever I may roam ;  
Wherever fortune's call is,  
I can but think of home.

Home ! sweet, sweet home.  
May Heaven protect me, and bring me to my home.

Midst pleasures and palaces,  
And there I have been some,  
I have not such calluses,  
But I can think of home.

Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

I've seen none so beautiful,  
Though handsome there are some,  
But felt free and dutiful,  
When I have thought of home.

Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

And if with sickness taken,  
As often it doth come,  
Nothing will so awaken,  
As just the name of home.

Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

If children I am meeting,  
All blooming as I roam,

I feel an inward greeting  
For my sweet ones at home.  
Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

If true is my affection,  
And tried, it has been some,  
Few are there of reflection,  
But what must love their home.  
Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

If by old age o'ertaken,  
As on me it may come,  
Oh ! give me faith unshaken,  
Of everlasting home.  
Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

Then may I look on Jesus,  
Whose blood for sins atone,  
And praise that grace that frees us,  
And brings his children home.  
Home ! sweet, sweet home, &c.

## TO MY FRIEND H——B.

And must this feeble muse then take  
Down from the willow tree  
Her unstrung harp, and tuning wake  
To strains of poesy ?

And must she rhyme for you the first,  
Her simple stanzas here ?  
That you on them your eye may cast,  
And think who wrote them there ?

Then humble muse attune the lyre,  
Attempt a feeble strain,  
E'er I from my friend H—— retire,  
Ne'er to return again.

Sing of the hours so sweetly spent  
With my friend H——b here ;  
How like a pleasing dream they went,  
To recollection dear.

Sing of them, now, as past and gone,  
Nor to return no more ;  
Sing, with a soft and plaintive tone,  
Those by-gone moments o'er.

Sing, how like visions of the night,  
Such social hours doth fly ;

And of that sorrowful delight  
They add to memory.

Sing such the moments spent with thee,  
As I would gladly find ;  
Where friends in nothing disagree,  
To leave a sting behind.

And when from you I am away,  
Friend H—— look here and see  
If you can trace, perhaps you may,  
Some feature here of me.

---

#### A GOOD CHOICE.

Give me that woman who is kind ;  
Good sense, with prudence blended ;  
A feeling heart, a taste refined ;  
With chastity attended.

That woman who proves ne'er untrue,  
To friends nor lover neither ;  
And who would never say or do  
What wounds the heart of either.

Yes ! give me her whose soul is blest  
With sanctified reflection ;  
With her I 'd spend my days in rest,  
Until the resurrection.

## DARK HOURS OF MY YOUTH.

Time, wing thee on, and haste thy speed !

For what have I to hope from thee ?

My budding hopes were nipt, indeed !

My prospects look like misery.

Then wing thee on ! then wing thee on !

To thee I feel not I am wed ;

Months were as moments that are gone,

The present fly with wings of lead.

I once had hopes in youth, and love ;

Those hopes are gone forever now ;

Death was commissioned from above,

With arrows, bow, and quiver too,

To smite one of my parents dear,

Affectionate and kind to me,

While I was left to shed the tear

Of filial love, despondingly.

Once too I had a home, a spot

Where I could stay, and be at rest ;

Gone is that home, and I have not

Another home, than as a guest.

For vagrant now, I have not where

Scarcely to rest my wearied head ;

And few the friends, my grief to share,  
Or shed a tear when I am dead.

Then wing thee on ! then wing thee on !  
To thee I feel not I am wed ;  
My youthful days, how swiftly flown !  
The present fly with wings of lead.

---

### ACROSTIC.

The following lines were composed at the solicitation of a Mr. Flagg, who bid fair to become a good teacher of music.

Heaven to all her various gifts hath given,  
Enough to form the standard of the man ;  
Nor need one fear with common talents even,  
Rightly improved, nature's fine arts to scan.  
Yours is the singing ; it is heaven-born rare,  
Far on the plains of Abraham, 'twas known ;  
Long, loud, and sweet, they shouted glory there,  
Angels descending from the Father's throne ;  
Go ! join with them in the immortal lays ;  
Go ! teach the choir to sing Immanuel's praise.



## ODE TO POVERTY.

O, Poverty ! that I could flee from thee,  
Nor feel the chilling blast  
Of thy destructive power : but no ; o'er me  
Thou hoverest, till at last  
A deep gloom hath come o'er me ; for I feel  
Thy keen relentless bite,  
As if fierce judgments on me thou wouldst deal,  
And all my prospects blight.

Where shall I go thy baneful power to shun ?  
And where no piercing dart  
Hath not cast down many a noble one ?  
And where no bleeding heart  
There is not dripping still, till there is not  
A pulse remains that we  
May hope they may recover from their lot  
Of bleeding misery.

Alas ! thy empire like the king of day,  
Extended is around ;  
And prostrate, hopeless, many fallen lay,  
Which but for thee, might found  
A name that would not die ; but would have been  
Upon the book of fame  
Enrolled, as have been bright stars among men,  
Who gained a deathless name.



And they have struggled long and hard to shine,  
As doth a dying man  
For breath ; for in them was a richer mine  
Than Ophir's is : but then  
Alas ! with poverty they were oppressed,  
E'en from their infancy ;  
So with their genius and their wisdom blest,  
The world could never be.

And they have died, as they have lived, unknown ;  
Who would been but for thee,  
O Poverty ! bright stars as ever shone,  
As bright, as there could be  
Enrolled, immortal on the list of fame ;  
But crushed into the dust  
Their genius was ; their talents, and their name,  
And all they would been, lost.

Behold the tott'ring beggar, torn, forlorn !  
Mark his forsaken look ;  
Known to be human only by his form,  
And seems as if forsook  
By every human being here below ;  
And begging for his bread  
He walks from house to house in sorrow, slow,  
And weak, and palsied.

How he recalls those hopeful years gone by,  
And with a groaning breath

Wipes off the tears, gushed from his sunken eye,  
In hopes ere long that death  
Will cut the brittle thread, too long that bound  
Him here, and quickly free  
From care and wo, that life that hath been crowned  
From youth with misery.

He stands and gazes on the king of day,  
And marks his tardy course,  
As if the hours passed laggingly away,  
And rather needed force  
To make them onward move ; his life a load,  
He willingly would go  
Where merit only has her just reward,  
Without distinction too.

See the poor widow, once by fortune blest,  
Flung on the world's wide stage ;  
Her tattered offspring begging for a crust  
Of bread, the direful rage  
Of hunger they may sate ; with tearful eyes  
She hears them tease for bread,  
And to console them every method tries,  
As they are put to bed.

She tells them she will then potatoes roast,  
While with heart-rending groans,  
To pacify, she steps out on the frost,  
And gathers up some stones,

And coming in, the dying embers moves,  
And puts them in the fire,  
That when asleep, with those she fondly loves  
She may herself retire.

And cold, and hungry, destitute, indeed,  
She creeps into her bed ;  
Her famished children dreaming that they feed  
On luxuries, till led  
By goading hunger to awake, and cry,  
Are they not roasted yet?  
Not quite, not quite, she fondly makes reply,  
For she has none to get.

With boding sighs, and looks that speak despair,  
Emaciated, pale,  
She lies desponding ; feels a mother's care,  
Alone, where none bewail,  
Nor shed for her the sympathising tear ;  
And sleepless, restless, wild,  
She turns from side to side, as if Despair  
Alone her bosom filled.

Such sleepless nights, how many hath she spent !  
Watching the waning moon ;  
How often too, her children hath she sent  
To bed, and promised soon  
She victuals would them give, and satisfy  
Their constant calls for bread ;

And when asleep, they all had ceased to cry,  
Herself hath with them laid.

Oh, Poverty ! a picture, this, of thee ;  
A miniature, tis true,  
Of wretchedness, we any time may see  
If we but take a view  
Of those whose hopes are blighted by thy frown ;  
And many such there be,  
Blasted by thee, O Poverty ! yet own  
Not half their misery.

---

FOR MISS E——. C——BLE.

The following lines were written by request of a young Lady, who wished for something 'neither too gracious nor too frivolous, but rather sentimental.'

May thy life be as calm as the mild summer ocean,  
When the sun is descending to rest ;  
And no rude gale doth heave into troubled commotion,  
Nor a zephyr doth play on its breast.

May thy footsteps by infinite wisdom be guided,  
And garlands of roses surround thee ;  
And may grace, love, and virtue be ever united  
With heaven-born graces to crown thee.

## FOR SLANDERERS.

And must I bear the sland'rous tongue of those  
    To whom I've done no harm ?  
And must I sit, and quietly compose  
    Myself? while they may arm  
Themselves with falsehood's black artillery ;  
    That, being thus prepared,  
They may contagious speak, and say of me  
    What else they had not dared.

Then bite, and carp, and lie, and what you will,  
    By black perverted hint ;  
Spit out your venom, for then you may feel  
    Relieved ; your looks imprint  
A lie, on what you please ; your acts betray  
    The motives of your heart ;  
The back ground you have worked on every day,  
    In spite of all your art.

Genius and light, and truth, you cannot bear,  
    It clouds your little souls ;  
And wheresoe'er you see it shine, 'tis there  
    That envy's night controls  
Your spirits ; but can you expect to find  
    Those darker aught than you ?  
More mean, more base, more imbecile, or blind ?  
    Search all creation through !

Detraction's poisoned tooth I ne'er shall fear,  
 Nor all your causeless hate ;  
 Though triune leagued, you fain would think to clear  
 Your necks, and lawless sate  
 Yourselves on my devoted head, and boast  
 Of your iniquity.  
 You have not learned that one may be a host,  
 As you some day may see.

Alas ! I look with pity on you all,  
 Though you would pierce me through ;  
 You ne'er can reach that name you hope may fall ;  
 Greatness is not for you.  
 Then court the din of hatred, sland'rous praise,  
 Ere your brief day is gone,  
 'Gainst him who yet may blind you with his blaze ;  
 Carp on, I say, carp on.

---

FOR MISS B — K — 'S ALBUM.

This world is a scene of busy commotion :  
 We come here and then pass away ;  
 Each seek for something to claim as their portion,  
 But who is she, wise for to-day ?  
 'Tis she who has sought and found a Redeemer,  
 All-willing, Almighty to save ;  
 True wisdom is her's, and wise I esteem her,  
 Whose portion surviveth the grave.



## TO MISS FANNY T——. J——.

Those moments, sweet moments are gone,  
Nor can they return any more ;  
On pinions of time they have flown,  
As those that have gone long before.

Gone ! gone ! when at school we were bent  
O'er the lamp, or candle's dim light ;  
Our time and our money we spent  
While sitting and learning to write.

Since now from my scholars I go,  
And must part, Miss J——, too with thee ;  
I'll leave thee a few lines to show  
As a small memento of me.

When from you I am far away,  
Non probe revidebo te ;  
That you here may look and can say,  
You have a memento from me.

This subject, I bid you adieu ;  
And Miss Fanny, good bye too to thee ;  
Be modest, and pious, and true ;  
Then Heaven's best gifts thine shall be.



## SLEEP SWEETLY, SISTER!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. WOOD.

Sleep on, my dear sister ! peace, peace to thy slumber,  
For severed the cords that have bound thee to earth ;  
And low lie the relics of one of our number,  
In the silent and cold embraces of death.

Sleep on, my dear sister ! rest now and forever,  
From afflictions and cares and sickness set free ;  
Sleep on, with thy daughter ! whose memory never  
With thy own, will be lost or uncherished by me.

Sleep on, with thy daughter ! the grave now encloses  
Those once viewed intelligent, lovely, and fair ;  
On the grave of thy daughter still grow the roses,  
Bent over and weeping their crystal drops there.

Sleep on ! sweetly sleep, in thy narrow enclosure ;  
I hope too a primrose to set o'er thy grave,  
That shall flourish and weep and bow as the osier,  
That stoops on the water's brink, kissing the wave.

Thou hast gone, dear sister ! where father and mother,  
Thy daughter, the lovely, has long ago trod ;  
Where Ancill, and Stillman, and Eli, another,  
Were summoned away in the presence of God,

Sleep on, dearest sister ! the trump will awaken,  
By the archangel blown, the sleep of the dead ;  
Though the earth be removed, and the heavens be shaken,  
Thou wilt rise, dear sister ! in Jesus thy head.

Thy faith was too strong and too pure to be blighted,  
And lose such fruition, immortal in bloom ;  
When spirit and body, again reunited,  
To slumber no more, shall awake from the tomb.

How often, at night, when at rest on my pillow,  
I see thee, my sister, in slumber anew ;  
And thy voice on my ear falls as soft and as mellow,  
As falls on the green sod the sweet honey dew.

In a chariot of fire borne safely and lightly,  
By seraph-bright steeds, rolled upward the sky,  
I saw thee with angels, but shining how brightly !  
Transported in white robes to glory on high.

Thy eyes in their fulness of beauty seemed beaming,  
Beneath their long lashes of dark silken hue ;  
From thy lips wreathed in smiles, I heard in my dreaming  
Sweet melodies breathed from thy bosom anew.

Peace ! peace ! to thy ashes : thy name I shall cherish ;  
But how much I loved thee cannot be expressed.  
Till feeling, and sense, and sweet memory perish,  
Thou, sister, dear sister, art locked in my breast.

## TO MISS MARY ANN B——.

I saw her, and she was most beautiful !  
Nor was it beauty such as the uncouth  
And mimic hand of art could ever ape ;  
For unadorned the fairest it appears.  
And such was she ; nor curls nor gew-gaws there ;  
Nor flaunting ribbons streaming to the breeze.  
Beneath her raven locks careless that lay  
On either side her temples white as snow,  
Was seen a forehead high, and arched, that spoke  
A noble mind :

Nor less so did that eye,  
That more than told she had good sense, as well  
As innocence.

Nor more could boast the rose,  
In all its fragrance bending to the breeze,  
That wafts its zephyrs through our mellow Mays,  
Than could this artless nymph of Nature's bloom.  
And while I mused on Nature's handiwork,  
To what could I more aptly her compare,  
Than to that plant that is most sensitive,  
Were it indued with all the loveliness  
Of Flora's blushing queen.

For as the rose  
That is most beautiful the surest feels  
The eager grasp of him that can it clutch,  
So blooming youth, unpractised in the ways  
Of the unchaste, too oft the soonest feel  
Pollution's stain ;

And like that blooming rose,  
Which plucked and withered then is flung away,  
Is cast as worthless on an icy world,  
That mocks at misery, nor sheds a ray  
But such as the cold moon's on the cold snow.  
And as I mused within myself I wept  
For fear 'twas Mary Ann, who nigher seemed,  
Because it was a lovely sister's name.

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#### SABBATH EVE REFLECTIONS.

O! for a wing of angel's flight,  
To soar to worlds on high ;  
And see my Savior, clothed in light,  
And join his minstrelsy.

I 'd gladly leave all earthly joys,  
To strike an angel's strings ;  
All earthly things are empty toys  
To such imaginings.

I 'd sing of His redeeming grace,  
So rich, and yet so free,  
That angels wonder such a place  
Could purchased been for me.

O, for a thought, a heart, a tongue !  
To think, feel, sing his praise,  
As men nor angels ne'er have sung,  
Or seraph beings raise.

O, for a soul that's set on fire,  
To sweep the golden string ;  
To grasp the sainted spirits' lyre,  
And heavenly music sing.

For here I feel I 'm bound to earth ;  
And dark my destiny ;  
That sin surrounds me from my birth,  
And bland hypocrisy.

A thousand wiles are every where,  
To tempt me from the road ;  
And Satan sets an hourly snare,  
To rob me of my God.

But in my Savior I will trust ;  
Trials for me are meet ;  
Oh ! keep me humble in the dust !  
Oh ! keep me at thy feet.

## THE TEMPEST RAGES.

The following lines were composed one evening when away from home, during a violent storm.

Be still ! ye winds that rudely blow,  
    Around the cottage where,  
My best affections ever flow ;  
    Hush ! hush ! blow softly there.

Blow softly there ! where sweetly sleep,  
    The objects of my care ;  
Then gently blow, and softly creep,  
    Around my cottage there.

Blow softly there ! nor once molest  
    My babies three asleep ;  
The infant at the mother's breast,  
    Then softly, gently creep.

Blow softly there ! lest thou should raise,  
    The 'pa and mother cry ;  
And cause the waking mother's lays,  
    Hush ! children lulaby.

For father, he is far from home,  
    And cannot hear you say :  
" Papa don't sleep till I have some,"  
    No ! father's far away.



Then softly breathe, ye winds that sweep,  
So roughly every where ;  
And round my cottage silent creep,  
In secret whispers there.

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## ENIGMA.

Two ears I have got, have heels and have toes,  
Yet headless I am, and am without nose ;  
I am small, am large, am just what you will,  
And either I go or else I stand still ;  
And constant I travel by land and sea ;  
Though blind as a bat I go rapidly.  
I ne'er asked favors of any I met,  
Still, if not granted, they quick it regret ;  
For language I speak, that none can mistake,  
As correct, as plain, as language can make.  
And should you like my complexion to see,  
It changes like dress, as fashion may be.  
I am servant to all, the high, and low ;  
On both rich and poor I favors bestow ;  
Though short is my life, I ne'er shed a tear,  
And doctored I can live year after year.  
Ha ! what did I say ? I ne'er took a pill,  
Was bled, puked, blistered, or sweat if you will ;  
And if I had legs and eyes that could see.  
I would not be used, as often I be.

## THE CURSE OF SLAVERY.

What ! in mankind, whom God hath made,  
Does man claim property ?  
Him buy and sell, and on him trade,  
By heaven created free ?  
Shall it be whispered in the earth  
That such a thing can be ?  
That colored skins are doomed from birth  
By God to slavery ?

'Tis truth that blackens heaven and earth,  
For it is black as hell,  
Whose children some first gave it birth,  
And some support it still.  
Black as it is, we can't deny  
We Afric's people steal,  
By cargoes from their country,  
To till our planter's field.

'Tis truth our capital will tell  
In characters of blood ;  
That we might traffic, buy and sell,  
Our Afric brotherhood,  
While of one flesh God did create  
And make us all as one ;  
The lordlings of the southern state,  
And native African.

That colored race, that shall outlive  
The sun, and moon, and stars,  
Like cattle yoked, the planters drive,  
And on them make their scars.  
Cursed for their skins ! whom God should know,  
And made him to adore ;  
They treat as we our cattle do,  
Nor teach them any more.

'Tis nothing strange, if through pretence,  
The African is stripped,  
And less strange, for the least offence,  
If he is cruel whipped.  
Should he the least resistance show,  
His master, right or not,  
Life pays the forfeit of a blow,  
If killed upon the spot.

'Tis nothing strange for families,  
Wives, husbands, children, too,  
At once to learn their destinies,  
Much as by death we do.  
'Tis death that separates us here,  
Wives, husbands, children, all ;  
'Tis money separates them there,  
They yield to money's call.

Reckless of every tender tie,  
That binds our natures here,

Children from parents they will buy,  
Parents from children tear ;  
Wives and their husbands separate,  
As suits there interest best ;  
Each sold into some distant State,  
No more to see the rest.

'Tis boldly stated at the north,  
I don't dispute the truth ;  
Children are whiter at their birth,  
And whiter in their youth  
Than full-blood sons of Africa ;  
And if their face tells true,  
Their masters they may call papa,  
As other's children do.

Nor skin, nor features of the face,  
Nor master's blood avails ;  
If interest calls, 'tis no disgrace  
Of children to make sales ;  
Of these some masters make so well,  
'Tis most that they will do,  
To raise their mongrel blacks to sell,  
Theirs' and their servants' too.

Should we not deem it such a sin  
As nothing could atone,  
If our dear youth, by sales, had been  
Stripped of a parent's home ?

And by the scourges of the lash,  
Were made to toil and sweat  
For those implacable, and rash,  
For what they drink and eat ?

Who shall God's colored child, more dear  
To him, than ours to us ;  
To him as nigh, perhaps more near  
Than we, dare to oppress ?  
And hold them as their property !  
The sun, moon, stars, they may !  
The lowest spirit cannot be  
Purchased or sold away.

Touch anything, but rational,  
For this is God's, beware !  
All colors, and conditions, all  
His rightful subjects are ;  
Touch them ! God will in vengeance wake  
Whose judgments you should fear,  
And heaven and earth in anger shake  
With trumpet sound, forbear !

## THE BLIND PREACHER.

It was the day of holy rest ; when he  
 Within the confines of a Joseph's tomb  
 Could sleep no longer, but rose triumphant  
 From that darksome cell, which was freely made,  
 As from a rock 'twas hewn, for three long days,  
 This glorious stranger's home.

Sacred day !

Bought at the price of tears, of prayer, and blood ;  
 For Jesus wept, prayed, died.

'Twas on that day

That I a traveling was the distant wiles  
 Of North America, when suddenly  
 Of horses tied, a cluster caught my eyes.  
 Near to a house, that shattered, stood alone,  
 Like a lone oak, whose limbs, as riven by  
 A thunderbolt, hung to the dying trunk  
 By shreds and fibres, which anon would give  
 Their play to every passing gale that moved  
 The dying branches through.

Such was the house.

So played the clapboards, so the boards did play,  
 By winds which searched the every crevice through ;  
 No thunder stroke did blight it ; no ! for God  
 Had set his seal upon it, and preserved  
 It for a better fate.

I entered here.

And lo ! I found it was the house of God,



The house of prayer and praise ; the house where songs  
For love and mercy, from more aged lips,  
And the more infant tongues were offered up  
Unto the God of Heaven.

And there one stood,  
A messenger of love ; yes, there he stood !  
The legate of the skies ! his form complete,  
And his credentials clear ; and soldier-like,  
As one well martialed in the holy war,  
For victory he plead ; and Oh, how bold !  
And feeling too, he fought his Master's cause ;  
Not with the bloody instrument of death,  
But with the spirit's sword, which, though it cuts  
Unto the joints, and separating too  
Of bones and marrow, wounds but for to heal,  
With joy and comfort in the Holy Ghost.

And he was tall and spare ; and on his head  
He wore a linen cap, as white, as though  
He had been crowned already conqueror.  
Most valiant was he for the souls of men,  
And as he spake, he raised his withered hand  
With palsy trembling ; his sightless eyeballs raised  
He to the God of prayer, for he is blind !  
So stricken he with years.

Yet he could see,  
And he could speak of things invisible  
To mortal sight ; for lo ! the spirit sees  
The deep, dark things of God ;

Enlightened by

This brighter sun, which shed an influence through  
 His very soul, all must be light with him.  
 By this instructed, he could lead the lame,  
 Restore to sight those blinder far than he,  
 And palsied worse ; as palsied they by sin.

And he was earnest in this dearest cause  
 Of love, of mercy, justice, and of truth ;  
 Pleading like Paul before the judgment seat :  
 Were Felix there, he'd trembled on his throne,  
 In mercy begged him for another time,  
 And more convenient too, for him to hear  
 Of judgment, and of righteousness to come,  
 As come they must.

Plato ! thou reasoned well

Upon the immortality of man.  
 And fully proved they had immortal souls,  
 Destined to live beyond the bounds of time,  
 When dust should make, to kindred dust consigned,  
 Sweet food for worms.

But better reasoned he,

In language such as Plato never used,  
 Whose lips were touched with living coals that burn  
 Forever on the altar of his God.  
 Plato was in the dark, nor light had he,  
 But that from nature and from reason drawn,  
 To guide him to so just an inference ;  
 While the blind preacher in his hands did hold

The only sanctioned statute book of Heaven ;  
Revealed to holy men of old, by God,  
Who cannot err in truth and righteousness ;  
And sent his only Son, a witness true,  
To give in evidence, and put thereon  
The seal, which none can break but He  
Who made it of His blood, so freely shed  
Once on mount Calvary ; and justly called  
Lion of Judah's tribe.

                                This was his theme,  
The passion of his dear Redeemer's death ;  
For 'twas the day of holy sacrament,  
And seemed to be his dearest element ;  
And he did paint it like a Raphael,  
Unto the very life.

                                The sermon closed,  
And he descending from the sacred desk,  
Before his little flock with meekness stood,  
In all the magnanimity of love ;  
In air and manner too, solemnity  
There was, that more than human did appear,  
Which made my whole frame shiver, and my blood  
Run cold.

                                With a white linen cloth o'erspread,  
The mystic symbols of his Savior stood ;  
On these he gazed ; and as from them the cloth  
He did remove, as from some kindred friend  
For a last gaze, a mourning friend would do,  
One would have thought, so solemn he appeared,

The very body of his Lord was there :  
And as he broke the sweet memorials,  
His lips burst forth in trembling accents sweet ;  
Oh ! didst thou come, bless'd babe of Bethlehem,  
And cradled in an humble manger lie !  
As though the world a couch could not afford,  
For thy advent into this wicked world,  
Better than hay on which our cattle feed,  
When thou wast promised long, and prophets looked  
And watched for thy approach, like Simeon  
Of old, who did embrace thee in his arms,  
With age all trembling, and uplifted eyes  
With thick suffusion veiled, and full of tears,  
Sent forth the bursting feelings of his heart :  
Lord ! let thy servant now depart in peace ;  
For lo ! mine eyes have thy salvation seen.

Oh ! didst thou come, Shepherd of Israel !  
So meek and lowly too in heart and life !  
And take upon thyself to tread alone  
The wine press of God's wrath, and none with thee !  
Oh ! didst thou come to save a ruined world !  
To heal the sick, to cause the deaf to hear,  
The lame to leap, those blind of sight to see,  
And cast out devils from the hearts of men,  
And raise to life those who were cold in death,  
And preach the Gospel to the starving poor.

Oh ! didst thou come, blessed Immanuel !

And on thyself the form of servant take,  
 To teach the world christian humility ;  
 That to be thine they must be servants too ;  
 That to be thine they must deny themselves,  
 Take up the cross, and bear it joyfully,  
 Though they should have not where to lay their head ;  
 And for thy namesake they should hated be,  
 And of their household enemies should make,  
 That would betray the brother unto death ?  
 Is this the lesson for proud man to learn,  
 Of Christian self-denial ? Thou didst teach  
 And practice too,—our only ground of hope  
 For future happiness.

Yes ! thou didst come,  
 As prophets had foretold ; and though an inn  
 For thee was not obtained, there was obtained  
 A manger for thy birth : for thou wast found  
 There in thy swaddling clothes, and Mary too,  
 Found lying there with thee.

And there were heard  
 Shouts of angelic music in the air,  
 As if in haste they flew upon thy birth,  
 Down from the realms of bliss, to certify  
 That he who was by prophets long foretold,  
 Had now appeared the Savior of the world,  
 And as a sign was in a manger laid.  
 And unto God, as they their voices rais'd,  
 They shouted glory ! glory in the highest !  
 And peace on earth, and good will unto men,

Because the time had come ! and Christ was born  
A babe in Bethlehem.

And wast thou born,  
O lamb of God ! and ushered into time ;  
From earth's foundation slain, and that for man !  
Who never could for his own guilt atone,  
Since God required a perfect sacrifice :  
As perfect was his violated law ;  
Ah yes ! thou wast, and thou wast crucified,  
And 'tis thy death we celebrate to-day.

And of these symbols, ere we do partake,  
In memory of his body and his blood,  
My hearers, it is fit that we review  
The Savior's life, from infancy to death ;  
He was the child whom Herod sought to slay,  
When but an infant at his mother's breast,  
With deep and black malignity of heart ;  
But God upon this infant had his eye,  
And sent an angel as his guardian,  
Until the coming day of Herod's death :  
Which he had fixed in his wise purposes,  
As just at hand.

For God had put on him  
A chosen seal, to preach the ministry  
Of reconciliation through his blood,  
Which would be shed upon some distant day,  
Without the gates of far Jerusalem :  
A place appointed where malefactors die.



Since we have glanced upon his infancy,  
Let us behold him in his riper years :  
Who was a glorious messenger of peace,  
Of mercy, truth and love.

Then follow me,  
Though sad and painful your reflections are,  
That one so lovely, such a death should die,  
Unto the grave of Lazarus, and there  
His loving kindness and his mercy see ;  
And that affection we should all possess :  
Which was sincere, and true, and deeply fixed  
As the foundation of the human soul.  
And as the Savior Lazarus did love,  
So should not we ? and mourn when such are dead ?  
By blood connected or by sacred faith.

The history of Lazarus you know :  
And who his sisters were, who o'er him watch'd  
In his last sickness, both familiar names ;  
And of the ointment read, that Mary poured,  
So costly, once upon the Savior's head ;  
Who with her flowing tresses wiped his feet :  
The impulses betokening, as would seem,  
Of her heart's love to one—a frequent guest.  
With what solicitude and tender love,  
Would these o'er Lazarus, their brother watch !  
Indeed, a brother ! and much more to them :  
For it would seem their parents both were dead,

And Lazarus their only brother, sick  
In Bethany.

With what anxiety

Imagine you, they every symptom marked,  
As day by day their brother weaker grew !  
How softly were those female footsteps heard :  
As through the room, or his sick bed they neared !  
In deep solicitude to note the change,  
From time to time, disease was making there  
Upon their only brother ; to whose lips,  
As o'er the sick couch wistfully they bent,  
The hopeful medicine full oft they pressed,  
And bathed the burning fever on his brow :  
And marked the feeble fluttering of his pulse,  
Portending that his life was ebbing fast.  
And could you seen them as they tended there,  
Their pious brother, sinking rapidly :  
Those placid smiles, from sorrow's visage wrung,  
And crystal tear-drops, which they sought to hide,  
As his deep sunken eyes and pallid lips,  
And death-like countenance they gazed upon ;  
And half suppressed their whispering prayers have heard,  
For him to whom no terrors death possessed ;  
Whose countenance looked calm and all resigned,  
Whose converse was of Christ, of God, and Heaven ;  
Beseeching them they would not for him weep.  
You would have said, as every one should say,  
Oh ! let me die as doth the righteous die,  
And his last end be mine.

But we must pass :

Though such the scene there as we may suppose,  
When for their guest, now absent they had sent :  
And so instructive such a scene as this !  
As may account for the digression made.  
Few words were needed when they had him found ;  
Lord ! whom thou lovest, he it is, is sick :  
The messenger consoling words received  
For him in Bethany, now failing fast ;  
Though still he tarried where they had him found,  
Until God's glory bid him Lazarus seek,  
Whom he, himself was anxious for to see.  
Then for Judea the Savior's face was set,  
Though Jews of late had sought to stone him there ;  
And his disciples bore him company.  
And as they onward moved, and as would seem,  
His mind upon God's glory fixed intent,  
In view of what he knew would soon transpire,  
Said cautiously : Friend Lazarus is asleep ;  
But I will go and wake him from his sleep ;  
As one would say of patients much reduced,  
Whom over-sleeping would reduce still more.  
So guarded this, though in all wisdom said,  
Those with him thought it ominous of good ;  
And that in sleeping he was doing well.  
More plainly then, not to be misconceived,  
Said Jesus to them : Lazarus is dead !  
And I am glad in that I was not there,  
To the intent that ye may now believe.  
Come, let us go.

Forthwith they onward moved  
For Bethany ; but ere the place they reached,  
Lo ! Lazarus was sleeping — but in death !  
And Jews were there collected in the house,  
That they the mourning sisters might console  
Of him who was no more.

But ere they came  
Unto the mourning house, Martha arose,  
Learning the Savior Bethany drew near,  
And quick departed, that she might him meet,  
And unto him unbosom all her grief,  
Who now too late for the intent they sent,  
Delayed to come, till Lazarus was dead.  
And as she met him, Bethany now near,  
With quivering lips, and bosom more than full,  
Still with a faith and confidence unmoved  
In him through whom such miracles were wrought,  
To grief gave vent, in language such as this :  
' Had thou been here, my brother would not died ;  
For I do know God always heareth thee,  
And even now will grant thee thy request.'  
Said Jesus : Martha, he shall live again !  
Some grave objections when he had removed,  
Touching the resurrection and the life ;  
And in her sorrow she was bid to hope,  
And in Him place implicit confidence ;  
She went and secretly her sister called,  
Informing her the Master now had come,  
And on his way for Mary had inquired ;

Who, hearing this, hastened to meet her Lord,  
Who, as would seem, had not arrived in town —  
While Jews pursued her with anxiety,  
And thought that she, for brokenness of heart,  
Had gone unto her brother's grave to weep.  
And as she came to where the Savior was,  
Who fast was nearing to the mourning scene,  
With weeping, prostrate at his feet, she cried :  
Had thou been here, my brother had not died !  
This lovely female weeping Jesus saw,  
And all the Jews who, weeping, followed her ;  
And all his sympathies seemed moved at once,  
And every generous feeling of his soul ;  
Who then might feel much as we all should feel,  
When those we love have left us here to mourn :  
For Jesus loved, nor ne'er for once suppressed  
The kind emotions of his bursting heart ;  
For as they wept, he in his spirit groaned,  
As though his soul was troubled within,  
And feelingly the weeping sisters asked  
Where Lazarus was laid ?

And Martha said :

Lord, come and see the place. And as he went,  
Behold ! the Savior of the world shed tears !  
Which to the Jews evinced how much he loved  
Their brother, now no more.

Behold ! he comes !

And Martha, weeping, showed him to the grave,  
Where o'er it he again in spirit groaned.



Unto her saying : take from it the stone,  
And though for days he hath been buried here,  
And scenteth by this time, thou shalt behold  
The mighty power of God.

He was obeyed ;  
And soon the stony covering was removed  
From off the grave where Lazarus reposed ;  
And then to Heaven the Savior raised his eyes,  
Exclaiming : Father ! I do thank thee now  
That thou dost hear me, as thou ever hast ;  
Not for my sake, but that these may believe  
That I am sent of thee.

And thereupon  
A mighty cry of 'Lazarus ! come forth !'  
By all around was heard — by God in Heaven.  
Oh ! what a moment this ! what dread suspense !  
Half petrified they stood, as shouted he,  
Gazing at him, whose eyes were fixed on high ;  
As every Christian's should be when they pray,  
And there remain till God shall hear their cry,  
And answer their request.

The corpse obeyed  
The call of him who shall the dead awake,  
And Death, convulsed at the command, released  
From his cold arms the lifeless sleeper there ;  
Whom, called to life, he could no longer hold,  
When Jesus cried, Come forth !

And in the midst  
He stood, whom Jesus loved, with grave-clothes on,



And girted hands and feet, but just recalled  
From his own spirit-world.

Said Jesus then,  
To whom more likely than his sisters there ?  
To loose him hands and feet, and let him go —  
Who had his father Abraham's bosom left,  
To visit earth again.

This touching scene  
So happily did the blind preacher draw,  
I almost fancied that I there could see  
Poor Lazarus standing in our very midst ;  
With whitened shroud, and napkin on his head,  
And his two sisters weeping now for joy ;  
And in amazement Jews all looking on,  
And the divine Redeemer near the cave,  
In all the magnanimity of love,  
Of meekness, and supreme humility,  
With countenance expressively serene,  
Still heavenward looking, sweet but pensively ;  
While in my ears his words still seemed to ring :  
Father, I thank thee ! Lazarus, come forth !

A tragic scene there is, the preacher said,  
For you to hear, my weeping hearers, yet,  
Which, of all others, doth the climax cap ;  
And had you hearts to bleed, or tears to shed,  
This scene, I think, would put them to the test ;  
It is the trial, judgment, and the death  
Of Him whose memory we celebrate,  
Upon this day of holy sacrament.

The passover you all must recollect,  
That Jesus ate with his disciples last ;  
And those divine instructions from his lips  
That fell like dew-drops on the parched ground,  
Which, to the twelve, was a rich legacy,  
And for his children all is his bequest ;  
And may you bring it to remembrance,  
And like the twelve hear it again to-day,  
Feeling as though the Savior in our midst,  
Through me, was now addressing each of you,  
As I before these broken symbols stand,  
Of which his children are required to eat,  
As is recorded in his dying will.

Imagine then that Christ is here to-day,  
And this a supper he himself hath spread ;  
The last on earth that he with us will eat,  
And this in prospect of impending death ;  
And ' little children ' let him call us now,  
And let us feel so, as becometh saints ;  
And those injunctions hear from him again,  
With that sweet counsel on the twelve bestowed,  
Before he left for his own native Heaven.  
Ah ! who of you hath washed his brother's feet ?  
Who hath refused, as Simon Peter did ?  
For this example I have left for you,  
That you should do as I have done to you,  
Your Lord and Master saith.

- And who of you  
Have kept that new commandment that he gave,  
To love each other as he loveth you?  
And show from this you his disciples are ;  
For here the world will judge your honesty.  
Ah ! who of you have his commandments kept ?  
And sought through him the blessed Comforter,  
Which for Christ's sake the Father kindly sends  
To keep and guide you into all the truth,  
That you might feel on you his peace remain,  
Such as the world gives not, nor takes away.  
Who for his dearest friend, himself would die  
To save that friend ? though ne'er so innocent !  
Yet greater love than this the Savior had,  
Who died for his most deadly enemies !

Who of you trembles ! shrinking at thought !  
For fear that you in some unguarded hour,  
May Christ betray, as Simon Judas did ?  
And like him, though you now are Christian called,  
Turn anti-christian — join his enemies,  
And with Iscariot fall to rise no more !

Who shudders ! lest a Peter he should be,  
With oaths denying Christ he ever knew ?  
And for his weaknesses sheds contrite tears,  
And mourns for sins, and humble pardon asks,  
And for them sits in ashes and in dust ;  
Still looking to his God, by humble prayer,

To be preserved, by his abounding grace,  
From all the wiles of Satan, and of sin ;  
Resolved for ever, let come weal or wo,  
He will be found alone at Mercy's feet.  
If such there be, this legacy is yours ;  
You have a portion in his dying will,  
And are invited to this sacrament,  
And made to-day more than a welcome guest,  
To eat and drink what here is furnished you,  
In memory of his body and his blood.

Then pointing with his finger, looked, and said :  
Behold him coming from the Olive Mount,  
Whither for prayer in secret oft he went,  
And with the Father and the Holy Ghost  
Held sweet communion on its lonely peak.  
Behold ! upon an humble ass he rides,  
Who traveleth in the greatness of his strength,  
And mighty is to save.

Jesus of Nazareth ! See ! see ! he comes !

A multitude

Spread palm-tree branches in his way, and cry,  
Blessed is he in the Lord's name that comes !  
And their hozannas in the highest shout  
Unto the Son of David.

Nearer now,

Still pressing on, Jerusalem he views ;  
Jerusalem ! the city of our God !  
The city where such mighty works were done,

Yet filled, as ever, with self-righteousness ;  
Jerusalem ! with holy prophets blessed,  
Whom sent of God, they wickedly had killed,  
And now were ripe to sacrifice his Son.  
With these reflections rushing on his mind,  
He views the city ; and he o'er it weeps !  
And O, Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! he cries,  
How oft together I would gathered thee,  
As doth the hen her brood beneath her wings,  
But ye would not. Now verily I say,  
Till ye shall bless him in my name that comes,  
Ye see me hence no more.

Now once for all

We see the Savior on his last return,  
As if apprized his hour was just at hand,  
In sorrow and in agony of soul,  
Bearing his way unto the Olive Mount ;  
And as unto Gethsemane he came,  
Those bidden of the twelve continued there ;  
While for distress that exercised his mind,  
Three took with him, as if to watch and pray,  
A little distance, in the darksome hour.  
And with a soul that sorrowed unto death,  
As one for prayer would choose to be alone,  
For preparation for his last great change ;  
So he from these a little space withdrew,  
Who should no slumber given to their eyes,  
But should been watchful at a time like this,  
Since for himself the Savior asked no more  
Than but one hour.

There bowed unto the earth,  
Amid the darkness, on his knees he prayed ;  
And in the struggle of his soul he cried :  
My Father ! if it may be possible,  
Let this cup from me pass !

Nor was this all ;  
For were it so, it would been selfishness ;  
But with submission like a dying saint,  
Who feels God's glory every thing to him,  
And wishes Justice to be glorified,  
Still adds, while on his knees in prayer to Heaven,  
Yet not my will, but, Father ! thine be done !  
So dark this hour ! and so intense distress !  
Such agony ! such wringing of the soul !  
That, as it were, he sweat great drops of blood.

And when to Peter, James, and John he went,  
Who through much weariness had fell asleep,  
And said, could not ye watch with me one hour ?  
Again returned he, and again he prayed,  
Nor did he cease till thrice repeated he  
The prayer he offered, so importunate.

His time had come ! he knew it, and arose,  
And in great haste upon those sleepers called,  
That they, to whom it was high time, should rise,  
That they might go, as he had made request,  
As if for life — that life might be preserved ;



For God ordains self-preservation right ;  
And if for man, for Christ it must be so.

Just as he spake a multitude appeared,  
And at their head was Simon Judas seen,  
Who led them forth to take him as a thief ;  
Though daily in their Temple he had taught,  
And they presumed no hands to lay on him,  
For until now his hour had not arrived.

Hail ! Master ; Judas said, and kissed him —  
A sign who Christ was, whom they would secure ;  
Nor did he show the least resistance here,  
Though for his rescue he could angels call'd  
By legion from the realms of glory down,  
Whose presence only might have struck them dead,  
As quickly as just saying ' I am he ! '  
The multitude had smitten to the ground.  
So opposite his feelings were to this,  
By miracle the High Priest's servant's ear  
Cut off by Peter, but too hastily,  
He touched in mercy, and he made it whole —  
Still now as ever seeking to do good.

Then to the High Priest's palace him they bore,  
With hearts as black as hell e'er catalogued,  
Who was all meekness and humility,  
Whose eye alone did pity on us take ;  
And for our hope his life he forfeited.

And there they sought for witness, false and foul,  
To reek their vengeance on his dying blood ;  
And all were eager for the hellish deed —  
Chief Priests and Elders, and the Council too !  
What comment this on man's depravity !  
Nor gave they o'er till they had such obtained,  
Who testified that they had heard him say,  
God's temple he declared he could destroy,  
And in three days could raise it up again.

These sayings heard he, and the High Priest who  
On him had called to make his own defence ;  
But like a lamb unto the slaughter led,  
Or sheep, which is before the shearer dumb —  
That what the Prophets said concerning him  
Might be fulfilled — he opened not his mouth ;  
Till by the living God he was adjured  
To tell if he was Christ, his only Son ;  
When modestly he answered — thou hast said ;  
And that the Son of Man he should behold  
At the right hand of Power and Majesty ;  
And see him coming in the clouds of heaven,  
With an Archangel's shout, and with the trump  
Of the Almighty God.

The High Priest raged,  
And rent his clothes for anger, and declared  
He uttereth blasphemy ! we have heard,  
Nor do we any further witness need.  
And with one voice both priest and people too  
Adjudged him worthy death.

Then gave they vent  
To their relentless rage, and on him spit ;  
And others smote him ; then insulting said,  
If thou be Christ, tell who thy smiters are.  
Though thus reviled, reviled he not again,  
Nor suffered anger in his bosom burn ;  
Nor unkind looks his countenance becloud ;  
But like a patient, dying sufferer,  
On faithless Peter gazed, if that the chancleer  
Might him remind how greatly he had sinned,  
Who had him thrice denied.

Peter withdrew,  
Whom but a look reproved ; for unto death  
Integrity he pledged ; and conscience-smitten  
Wept in bitterness.

The next coming day  
With Jesus bound, to Pontius Pilate's bar  
They early haste, that he might here be tried,  
Condemned of Pilate, and be crucified.  
And many questions Pilate to him put,  
And asked if he the King was of the Jews ?  
And when he answered, saying, thou hast said,  
Answered no more, to his great wonderment ;  
And as he was upon the judgment-seat,  
His wife in great haste sent to him to know  
If with the Savior he had nought to do,  
For in her dreams she had been troubled much,  
And suffered much that day because of him.  
He hearing this, sought they might him acquit,

As was the custom at their festival  
One to release — yet whomsoe'er they would ;  
The more he plead they Jesus might release,  
Since he in him could find no fault at all,  
Worthy of stripes, much less deserving death —  
More on his death were priests and elders bent.

When all he said he saw but made it worse,  
He washed his hands before the multitude,  
In water, saying, I am innocent  
Of this just person's blood ; see ye to it.  
And having scourged him — O ! what mockery !  
He wickedly consented to his death,  
And gave him up for to be crucified.

Forthwith they led him to the common hall,  
And gathered all the band of soldiery ;  
Strip'd him and clothed him with a scarlet robe,  
And placed upon his head a crown of thorns,  
And in his hands a reed ; and mocking kneeled,  
And to insult, hailed him King of the Jews :  
His own assertion casting in his teeth ;  
For this he said, but in the highest sense.

When with his feelings trifled they enough,  
And with their insults weary had become,  
His own apparel they replaced on him,  
And led him out for to be crucified ;

Bearing his own cross to the fatal spot,  
And bowed beneath the burthen of the load.

The spot perhaps where Abraham once went,  
To offer up his dear son Isaac there, —  
Upon Moriah, now Jerusalem —  
Whose hand, upraised to give the fatal blow,  
An angel stayed, for he was proven then ;  
And for a victim furnished him a lamb,  
Which as a type points to the Lamb of God,  
Who would be offered as the lamb had been,  
For all the world, a sacrifice for sin.  
And as our God hath order and design,  
What place more likely than where Abraham went,  
Refusing not his son when God required,  
To offer up in sacrifice to Him ?  
Or prophecy more likely to be true,  
In an exalted sense, than Abraham's ? —  
'My son ! God will provide himself a lamb.'  
Since Isaac bore the wood himself to burn ;  
And Christ his cross, to which he would be nailed ;  
It seems most likely this should be the spot,  
And Christ the Lamb in an exalted sense,  
That for himself God here would sacrifice  
Upon Moriah — now Jerusalem.

There by the crowd as he was pressed along,  
Pursuing them some females might be seen,  
Who wailed and wept as if by one consent,



Lest that just person should be crucified ;  
 And whom they followed, sobbing, to the scene,  
 And if no more, to show their sympathy  
 For him they loved.

And well observed by him  
 Was all their wailing, weeping, and ado ;  
 And sweet and plaintive sounds from him were heard,  
 By those around and by those weepers there,  
 Borne on the breeze most mournfully, but mild :  
 Daughters of Israel ! weep not for me,  
 But for yourselves, and for your children too !

Behold him now suspended on the cross,  
 Viewing his mother, weeping in the crowd,  
 And with affection calling to her there,  
 To John referring, to behold her son,  
 And calls on him his mother to behold.

With hands and feet thus nailed unto the cross,  
 While from his side flowed down the crimson tide,  
 For three long hours he was a dying man,  
 And as his life was oozing from his wounds  
 He some consoled, and for some others prayed,  
 The instruments who had been of his death,  
 Saying, my Father, do thou them forgive,  
 For that in truth they know not what they do ;  
 And then to Him his spirit did commit  
 When all was finished, and gave up the ghost,  
 And died as would a God.



Oh ! Heavens ! how rare ;  
 With dying breath he for his murderers prayed.  
 Have you his feelings ? can you pray for foes ?  
 Forgive them all, and only seek their good ?  
 Then eat and drink, and all your strength renew ;  
 Come to the table that the Lord hath spread,  
 And through those symbols view his flesh and blood.

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## ACROSTIC.

Life, love and grace from our Redeemer flow,  
 And grasp the prize while it is offered free ;  
 Undying riches Jesus can bestow,  
 Riches he purchased on Mount Calvary.  
 Angels of light awaiting are to bear  
 Delightful tidings to the throne of God ;  
 United let them rise, and there declare  
 News of thy pardon through Immanuel's blood.  
 A few more days, and all will then be o'er ;  
 Kindred, nor friends, nor worlds are nought to thee ;  
 If thou by striving canst but pass the shore,  
 Not Death's cold flood can then look frightfully.

## CAPTION.

The following lines were written in consequence of the excitement created by the law of 1838 forbidding the sale of spirits in less quantity than fifteen gallons, medical uses excepted.

Look out for your rights at the coming election,  
The State is now threatened with ruin ;  
To alcohol spirits she looks for protection,  
'Tis time that her children were doing.

Fill, fill the glass, the cup, the bowl,  
Fill, fill them to the top,  
Pass round and round till every soul  
Has raised his spirits up.

And fill and drink and fill again,  
There is a great supply ;  
So pass the bowl and glass around,  
And drink the bottom dry ;

And fill again, and merry be,  
While spirits we can get ;  
' *Our fathers fought for liberty,  
And we will have it yet.*'

Let temperance people preach alarm,  
And talk against the still ;  
' *It is all priest-craft*' to a charm,  
Who would control our will.

They say our spirits we shall kill,  
And ruin our good name ;  
And homes with wretchedness shall fill,  
And children clothe with shame.

They tell us drinking rum will wring  
Tears from our wives at home ;  
And on their countenances bring  
A melancholy gloom.

This, and a great deal more they say,  
That we may drinking quit ;  
But just a little every day  
Can hurt no one a whit.

Our moral feelings it will sour,  
They say, if we persist,  
And baser feelings more and more  
Rum-drinking will enlist.

Of broken vows, of wives, and tears,  
And ragged children too ;  
And blighted hopes, and boding fears,  
Are their discourses through.

To crime, the jail, and prison too,  
They say it will us lead ;

And to the gallows, death, and wo,  
For to inspire our dread.

Yet all oppression we do hate,  
' *We fought for Liberty;*'  
A thousand laws they may create,  
But we will yet be free.

Let landlords and distillers all,  
And grocers too unite,  
' To teach the Commonwealth next fall  
*Free trade and equal right.*'

And we will teach them who controls,  
' Who thwart our liberty,'  
And that those water-pale-faced souls  
Had better silent be.

For men our own in every town,  
The state shall represent,  
And put those temperance measures down,  
And cause them to repent.

And make us laws that we can sell  
By hogshead or by glass ;  
And let those drink dead drunk who will,  
As soon as they shall pass.

## LAND OF BEULAH.

Blest land of Beulah ! o'er the enchanted ground,  
To thee the weary pilgrim wends his way,  
Through snares and sins his footsteps cast around,  
To stay his progress to the realms of day.

Blest land of Beulah ! land of the turtle's voice,  
Far from the vale and shadow too of death ;  
No Doubting Castle here, nor giant's voice,  
To allure or shake the trembling Christian's faith.

Blest land of Beulah ! within mount Zion's view,  
Where always daylight bursts upon the way  
That guides from here, the weary Christian through,  
Up to the portals of eternal day.

Blest land of Beulah ! where angel spirits stay,  
With wings of light and swift as thought they move,  
Here for to meet poor Pilgrim on his way,  
And bear him upwards to his Father's love.

Blest land of Beulah ! here from beneath the throne  
Of God the Lamb, rivers of life do flow,  
And trees ambrosial everlasting blown,  
Breathe heavenly fragrance to the world below.

Blest land of Beulah ! for here the bridegroom meets  
His wedded bride, and seals his vows anew,  
With corn and wine and milk and honey greets,  
And gives his dearest, faint and thirsty too.

Blest land of Beulah ! O, may I trembling hope  
That in my journey I arrive to thee ;  
By clouds of sin through faith's dark telescope,  
I see thy glory but imperfectly.

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FOR C——. W——.

I gazed on her eyes of luxuriant blue,  
Delighted to see them in languishment smile,  
Whose words from her lips fell as gentle as dew,  
That on the sweet rose of a May morning steal.

So mild, and so lovely, they stole to my heart,  
As angels' soft whisperings, come from above,  
So kind, unassuming, and modest, no art  
Thought I could be aimed, for a moment, at love.

A feeling uncommon came over my soul,  
My heart was affected, and broken my rest ;  
For alas ! there this cherub-like nymph had stole,  
And fixed one of Cupid's sharp darts in my breast.



## MIRROR FOR VANITY.

The Queen Elizabeth admired  
A Marquis, Spanish Nobleman ;  
His elegance her bosom fired,  
And on the subject she began.

I beg to know who may possess  
Thy gen'rous heart, and eye, and ear ?  
What happy woman swells the breast  
Of such a noble cavalier ?

Madam, said he, a lover will  
On such occasions risk too far ;  
To say this much I venture still,  
Your Royal Highness' will is law ;

Excuse me should I not confess  
Who may that happy woman be ;  
But as your Highness makes request,  
Her portrait I will send to thee.

All that remains for me to say,  
Before I let the subject pass,  
The nobleman then went his way,  
And sent the Queen a looking glass.

## VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

'T was in the stillness of the midnight hour,  
When nature seemed as if in mourning clad,  
And the cold moon with her long watching worn,  
And pale had gone to rest ; and all the stars,  
Though few and far between, like heavy eyes  
Had nearly lost their winking.

Secretly

A thing was brought to me ; mine ear received ;  
'T was in the thoughts and visions of the night,  
When deep sleep comes on men.

Fear came on me,

And all my bones did with a trembling shake.  
A spirit passed before me, and for fear  
My flesh was crawling, and my hair erect ;  
It stopped and gazed ; the form I could not see,  
Though it had eyes unearthly.

Silence reigned,

As in the house of death.

I heard a voice,

Like mournful wailings on the empty wind ;  
'T was deep and hollow ; and it said to me,  
Shall mortal man, frail man presume to be  
More just than God ? or than his Maker pure ?  
Behold in servants He doth place no trust ;  
And he with folly hath His angels charged ;

Much less in them, whose house is made of clay,  
With a foundation frail as is the dust,  
And crushed before the moth, and food for worms,  
Does God put confidence.

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FOR MISS K——'S ALBUM—DEDICATORY.

Whoe'er on these pages shall write  
In friendship a sentiment dear ;  
May Truth, Taste, and Virtue unite,  
To form the memorial here.

How melting those words to my heart,  
For Truth is immortal we know ;  
It ne'er will dissemble a part,  
'Tis as it is, just so and so.

To truth, Taste a coloring gives,  
As tints to the sweet flowers of spring ;  
Yet 'tis not the fragrance, the leaves  
Exhale of the nectar within.

And Virtue ! how lovely thou art !  
United to Taste and to Truth ;  
O ! wilt thou reside in her heart,  
And all be the guide of her youth,

## AMOR PATRIÆ VINCIT.

‘Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise!  
Thou queen of the world, and the child of the skies!’  
I love thee; am grateful thou gavest me birth;  
Most protective, Patriot Mother of Earth.  
I’ve read of the Lion to marriage that took  
Thee, Patriot Mother; how stern was his look!  
How cruel was he! and how jealous his eye!  
How heavy his burthens, thy patience to try!  
How true and how patient, as yet was his bride,  
By abuse, provocations, and threatenings tried!  
When to cap all the rest, for jealous was he,  
To vex and oppress, laid a tax on your tea.

You felt yourself injured, resentment you showed,  
And you seized on his tea and threw overboard;  
Resolved that in future, in sickness and health,  
You would sue for divorce, and shirk for yourself;  
With whom you had borne, till forbearing you said  
Was no more a virtue, or rupture a dread;  
He showed you his teeth, his claws, and his power,  
And to fright to submit, his lion-like roar;  
Like the Persians and Medes let what would come next,  
You mentioned your sermon, and stuck to the text.

Then on you in haste was his lion-like pounce,  
To force to submission, or crush you at once;  
To help in the struggle ye called for a son;

Many rushed to the rescue to help as one,  
'Mong the first and foremost was great Washington.

George is my name, said he, and George is thine ;  
Associations such my heart entwine,  
But when my Mother cruelly ye treat,  
And all her children suppliant at your feet,  
What mother ever had a son, but will  
Feel for his mother ? for her insults feel ?  
And when her husband has a tyrant gown,  
And treats his wife like any but his own,  
Lays on her loads far more than she can bear,  
Then, taunting, tells how very light they are ;  
And how ungrateful and how wilful she,  
Adding his insults to his injury.  
What son can hear, though loyal he may be,  
Such taunts and insults cast on her by thee,  
Who has a heart that has not turned to stone,  
And from a son hath to a demon grown,  
Whose nerves and conscience are not doubly steeled,  
And whose life's blood like ice is not congealed,  
If such there be the mother needs but call,  
They rush to aid her, and protect her all.

Columbia 's mine, the dearest one of earth,  
I on her bosom rest ; she gave me birth ;  
And on her lap she fondly hath caressed,  
As fondly still she clasps me to her breast ;

For her my love is stronger far than death,  
And I'll protect her with my dying breath.  
Do you insult ! then know that here is one  
That will protect ; I am George Washington.  
He knew that name, for it was known afar ;  
And his brave feats in the old Indian War ;  
He knew he was a warrior from his youth,  
A man of courage, and approved for truth,  
And what he said, he certainly would do ;  
Her rights would fight for, and would fight it through ;  
And well he knew if Washington should lead,  
Her sons by thousands in his steps would tread ;  
And felt that this was not alone his mind,  
That many were like Washington inclined,  
And in the Congress of their nation had  
His views expressed, and sanctioned what was said ;  
And that they had a solemn protest too  
In Congress drawn, and brought their rights to view ;  
Alleging all were, and of right should be,  
As God created, independent, free ;  
That certain natural rights of course belong  
To weaker ones, as well as to more strong ;  
Pursuit of Happiness, one ought to be,  
And life be one, and one be liberty ;  
These to secure the custom long had been,  
Laws wholesome to create to govern men ;  
That from the subjects laws their force should have,  
Who them created, and by whom they live ;  
And when to these the laws no longer tend,



They should be altered, or should have an end,  
And in their place new laws they should prepare,  
And make all equal who by nature are,  
And base them on such principles mature,  
As safety will, and happiness secure.

Prudence suggests that for no trifling cause  
Should governments long standing change their laws ;  
Hence slighter evils men will choose to bear,  
While tolerable such slighter evils are,  
Than laws by which they are wont to be led,  
For to abolish, for new laws instead.

But when abuse and usurpation 's seen  
In a long list, which tell just what they mean ;  
Who that has eyes but sees the motive through,  
To crush the subjects, to mere vassals too ?  
Who has one spark of liberty remain,  
But would deny a despot's right to reign ?  
But feels it duty, and his right to throw  
Allegiance off, if could be at a blow ;  
And choose some other safeguards in the stead  
Of lords, and dukes, and knights, and crowned head.  
Columbia's wrongs her children have expressed,  
But yet unheard, unheeded, unredressed,  
One course alone remains for them to take,  
To rise united, and their bondage break.

To show the world the justice of our cause,  
Facts we submit, that they may read and pause :  
Unto our laws consent he has refused,  
Laws the most wholesome, best, and longest used,  
And most important laws he has forbid  
His governors to pass ; and if they did,  
Suspended in their force they must remain,  
Till he had sanctioned, which he would not deign ;  
To other laws meant for large districts' weal,  
He has refused to put the royal seal,  
Unless that they the right would first abjure,  
Which they had held, of legislative power ;  
A right they held as their existence dear ;  
The boon of freemen ! but of tyrants, fear !

And legislatures too, convened has he,  
Both when and where they were not wont to be,  
And far from where the public records were,  
To force compliance when fatigued with care ;  
And others oft dissolved himself to please,  
Who dared assert their rights and questioned his ;  
And for a long time after did refuse,  
They other Houses in their stead might choose ;  
Hence those existing have turned back their eyes  
On those empowering, for their exercise :  
The States as yet exposed to foreign war,  
Invasion from abroad, and inward jar.  
The population of the States he has  
Sought to prevent, and to annul such laws,

As naturalize those foreigners that come  
From foreign parts, to make the States their home.  
Awards of justice too obstructed he,  
And power judicial suffered not to be.

Judges he makes mere vassals of his will,  
For tenure of the offices they fill ;  
And a mere pittance, just what he may please,  
He grants them as their yearly salaries.

New offices a multitude hath made,  
And creatures too, to fill them as he bade ;  
And sent them o'er our people to distress,  
Their stores consuming, be they more or less ;  
Among us too in time of peace he has  
His standing armies kept to force his laws ;  
Assumed to set the military o'er,  
And independent of the civil power ;  
And Foreign laws, thwarting our laws in view,  
With other things he would subject us to ;  
While on his own feigned Legislature bent,  
To laws they framed he gave a free assent,

As follows :

For quartering his standing armies here ;  
For screening those from punishment or fear,  
By sheer mock trials, who among us might  
Outrage our laws, or murder us outright ;  
For cutting off from all the world our trade,  
And for imposing taxes we ne'er made ;

In many cases for depriving us  
Of benefits trials by peers possess,  
And for transporting us the ocean o'er,  
Feigned crimes to answer to a mocking power ;  
For abrogating the free code of laws  
Called English, that a neighboring province has ;  
For making laws most absolute instead,  
Swelling the bounds, that we who run may read :  
For wresting too the charter of our laws,  
Abolishing their force without a cause ;  
And laws are altered, which like sleepers stand,  
The ground-work and the safeguard of the land ;  
Our Legislatures too, suspended they,  
And with their power invested feigned to be ;  
Our government the King too has resigned,  
And our protection given to the wind,  
And war declared against us, fierce in kind.  
Our seas has plundered, and our coasts annoyed,  
Our towns has burnt, and citizens destroyed ;  
And now large foreign armies too he hath,  
On their way here, to close the work of death,  
Of desolation, tyranny begun,  
With more than savage baseness carried on,  
And scarcely to most barb'rous nations known.

Our fellow citizens constrained has he,  
If captive taken sailing the high sea,  
Unto the crown allegiance to swear,  
And against their country their arms to bear,

To execute their brothers and their friends,  
Or fall perhaps the victims of their hands.

Intestine war he has excited here,  
Endeavoring to bring on our frontier,  
The merciless and savage Indian foe,  
That knows no mercy and no mercy show,  
But who according to their usage will  
Parents and children and mere infants kill.

Through every stage of these oppressions we  
Have asked redress in terms submissively ;  
And our petitions only seem to be  
Answered by fresh repeated injury ;  
A prince whose character has this outline,  
Which every act a tyrant might define,  
Is sure unfit a ruler for to be  
Of any people, specially a free.

Nor in attention have we wanting been,  
Which justice owes to mother countrymen ;  
And warned them oft ; a jurisdiction who,  
O'er us by their attempts had strived to show ;  
Reminding them of reasons, as they are,  
Why we did emigrate and settle here ;  
And to their native justice made appeal,  
And magnanimity, that they might feel ;  
We have conjured them by our common blood,  
To disavow those usurpations had,

Which our connexions certainly would break,  
And of our intercourse an end would make.

Deaf to the voice of justice have been they,  
And to the ties of consanguinity ;  
To that necessity which asks divorce,  
We therefore acquiesce, but not from choice,  
And hold her as, but not as she pretends,  
Our enemies in war, in peace our friends.

The Representatives then as we are  
Of all the States of North America,  
Assembled in our General Congress here,  
Unto the Judge Supreme prefer our prayer,  
That He who things past, present, future too,  
Sees with a glance, and looks their merits through,  
May witness to the justice of our cause,  
That in the name of justice and our laws,  
And the good people too, alike we dare,  
Most solemnly to publish and declare,  
That these United Colonies should be,  
And are henceforth States, independent, free ;  
And are absolved from all allegiance  
Unto the British crown, from this time hence ;  
Connexions which political involved,  
Are, as they ought, between us now dissolved,  
And we as States now independent are,  
And have full power for to declare war,  
And peace conclude, alliances contract,



Establish commerce, and do every act,  
 Which independent States of right may do,  
 For peace, for safety, and for comfort too.  
 This *Declaration* to support we do,  
 On God relying for to bear us through,  
 Now mutually unto each other pledge  
 That we will do whatever we engage,  
 And risk our all, for Liberty in view ;  
 Lives, Fortune, and our sacred Honor, too.

---

The following poem was written in view of Turner's Falls, in Mass., near which are the remains of an old Indian Fort, where Capt. Turner fought a most bloody battle with the Indians, whence, I suppose the place to have received the name of Turner's Falls.

Ah ! who hath stood upon the brow  
 Of this green elevated hill,  
 And gazed and thought, as I do now ;  
 Whose bosom did not thrill  
 In retrospect of by-gone years ;  
 When other scenes appeared than these,  
 And other hopes, and other fears,  
 Inspired the Aborigines.

Here, where Fall River winds its way,  
 That emp'ts into Connecticut,  
 Where mystic rites, the hunting fray,  
 The Indian's camp, the Indian's hut ;

They gamboled o'er these verdant hills,  
Pursued the chase of bear and deer,  
And angled for the trout and eels,  
And felt themselves all happy here.

They bounded in their birch canoe,  
Connecticut ! upon thy breast,  
As thou those hills meanderest through ;  
In nature's tawdry garments drest,  
They sought from nature all their needs,  
Conscious that nature's wants are few ;  
And trained their youths to matchless deeds,  
To war, the chase, and wild halloo.

They loved to view these native Falls,  
And gushing waters o'er them bent ;  
Music to them, which never palls,  
It was to hear these waters rent :  
They fancied their Great Spirit here,  
And heard his whisperings in the breeze  
Those tumbling waters make ; and where  
He is, they seek him there to please.

Near to the Falls, upon a rise  
Of elevated ground, I see  
Where red men built their fortresses,  
All fired with deeds of chivalry,  
And sigh to think they are no more ;  
No more these huntsmen now are seen,

That used to range these mountains o'er,  
And wind these mountain spires between.

Those noble spirits of the wood  
Are vanished now ! and where are they ?  
Gone, to teach white men to be good  
Is not to take their homes away ;  
Gone ! where the spirit will attest  
The Indian's wrongs are not forgot ;  
Gone ! where good Indians are a guest,  
And savage white men have no lot.

I blush to think our father's are  
Those pilgrim fathers, as they say,  
More cruel than the Indians far,  
And more oppressive too than they ;  
And blush still more, that they should claim  
The Indians' streams and grounds as theirs ;  
Then think, when stripped of all, to tame  
And christianize them by their prayers.

The Indian footsteps yet remain,  
Their trails are now seen here and there ;  
Arrows, and bones, and skulls proclaim,  
Where was the battle ground of war ;  
Where Turner bravely fought and fell,  
And nearly all his soldiery ;  
While but a few escaped to tell  
The bloody havoc of the day.

Years have rolled on, and they are gone,  
Those Indian warriors now are fled ;  
Some followed their own setting sun,  
And some are numbered with the dead ;  
Among us is their sepulchre,  
Where lie the brave, the orator :  
We plow their bones ! nor scarce infer  
Such great and mighty men they were.

Long have our herds of cattle fed  
Upon those hills and valleys green,  
Where statesmen spoke, and warriors bled ;  
Those native huntsmen now are seen  
No more upon this winding shore,  
That gave unto their fathers birth ;  
The whites inducing to come o'er,  
And drive them from their mother earth.

No more these hills send back the sound  
Of Indian yell, or wild halloo ;  
On them no more the deer are found,  
That freely ranged these mountains through :  
And flocks of turkeys are unknown,  
And moose are captured here no more ;  
All like their native lords have gone,  
To shun the white man's wrath and power.

I cannot bear me to those Falls,  
But I am spell-bound by the scene ;

Murmurs I hear, and groans, and calls,  
And whispering sounds, and moans between,  
And ask myself, are spirits these,  
Of those who have long murdered been,  
Sounding laments upon the breeze,  
To melt the hardened hearts of men ?

Here if I come, in fancy's ken,  
I see the Indians in their fight,  
Pursued by Turner and his men,  
Compelled to leap this dreadful height,  
And on the rocks, to dash their bones,  
That form those rapids far below ;  
Bruised by the fall, I hear the groans,  
And howlings Indians make of wo.

Among the rest a woman see,  
The luckiest among the few,  
Who turned the battle's destiny,  
And saved herself in a canoe ;  
Who to Smead's island bent her course,  
Her tribe's disaster there explains ;  
This tribe pursued, and killed the horse  
That Turner left on Petti's Plains.

Then onward to the battle ground,  
Fired with revenge, they haste their way,  
And Turner and his men they found,  
Which turned the fortune of the day.

As bloody battle then was viewed,  
As ever yet perhaps was fought ;  
For victory, the Indians sued ;  
If so, it was most dearly bought.

Here the brave captain Turner fell ;  
As brave a man as e'er may be ;  
Let history our children tell  
This tribute to his memory ;  
And not forget that on that day,  
Near forty of his men there were  
Who bravely fought and died, to pay  
The bloody penalties of war.

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### THE ROSE.

I saw the rose all beautiful,  
Wave on its stalk with native grace ;  
The culturer tended dutiful,  
Whose balmy fragrance filled the place.

And many stopped to gaze upon,  
And many bowed and stooped to taste  
The fragrance of the rose, full blown,  
Which he who reared, loved and embraced.



Nor was there in his cottage bower,  
A flower so sweet and fair as this ;  
Or that received more fostering care,  
Or more conducted unto his bliss.

I passed again, and it was gone !  
And sear and withered was its root ;  
The enclosure had been broken on,  
And the sweet rose nip'd from the shoot.

For lo ! the spoiler had been there,  
He saw, he gazed, his passions strove ;  
He knew the planter prized it dear,  
Who had no other rose to love.

Then secretly the rose he tore,  
From the kind planter's floral bed,  
And on his bosom fixed, he wore,  
Till droopingly it hung its head.

When faded, and its glory gone,  
He cast it rudely then away ;  
Whose bosom had detached a thorn,  
That to his heart prob'd night and day.

And to abstract it though he sought,  
For hours of levity and mirth ;

The thorn, still fixed, pierced every thought,  
And poisoned every joy of earth.

And when I found there had no man,  
Who once that rose's beauty loved,  
Gathered its scattered leaves again,  
Its stalk bound up, and yet approved ;

I looked intensely at the spot,  
Where once admired and safe it grew,  
My blood was chilled, for every thought  
Brought pain, and fresh instruction too.

#### INSTRUCTION.

I said, let her with beauty blessed,  
Who like the queen of flowers may sit,  
Know she is eyed, admired, caressed ;  
And if she standeth, see to it.

## LOVING OUR ENEMIES.

Some years ago a clergyman,  
Both aged and respectable,  
Was lecturing an Indian,  
For conduct reprehensible.

For cruel had his conduct been,  
To some who had offended him ;  
Revenge he threatened on the men,  
Such as the parson thought a sin.

Your enemies you ought to love,  
The parson to the Indian said ;  
Affection evermore preserve,  
Kindly assist, and give them aid.

‘I love my enemies, I do,’  
The son of nature made reply,  
Have great affection for them too,  
That do me hurt and injury.

It is not so, said parson C.,  
You love not enemies ; ‘I do.’  
Then name some of your enemies ;  
‘I love good rum and cider too.’

## CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

Spring, summer, autumn, into winter grow,  
But love connubial changes should not know.

Come, dearest one ! of all my soul holds dear,  
And guide my pen for to indite thy praise ;  
Though often absent, thou art ever near,  
Thy courage cheers me, and thy smilings raise ;  
And I can smile, if happy thou may be ;  
For this I took thee, and for this I pant,  
As in thy destiny, my own I see.  
And this, I beg of heaven, if heaven may grant,  
To make thee happy always, and supply thy every want.

Sixteen the years, that now have rolled their round,  
Since first I knew thee, dearest one of earth ;  
Beneath thy father's humble roof I found,  
And blessed the day that ever gave thee birth ;  
Those happy days with thee, I once passed there,  
Were but a presage what the rest might be,  
When I resolved with trembling hand to share,  
And link with thine, my future destiny ;  
Thou granted my request, and hopes no brighter could there be.

On life's tempestuous sea, we bent our course,  
And hoped our voyage might be a summer day ;  
Resolved, we sailed for better or for worse,  
Thus far, what storm has turned us from the way ?

The compass mine, to thee belongs the chart,  
By which I reckon, and bear to or veer ;  
If true the map, and just in every part,  
So should the compass be, by which I steer ;  
That on no shoals or quicksands we may ever strand, my dear.

Gentle the breezes are that swell our sails,  
And who hath seen less ruffled up the deep ?  
And who hath felt more soft and balmy gales,  
Than breathe upon our barge as on we sweep ?  
For if perchance there should a storm appear,  
The signs foreseeing, thou providest well ;  
In humble faith and confidence, art near,  
To quell the tempest, and say ' peace, be still !'  
Such may I ever have, O God ! if it may be thy will.

Grant her the wish that she has long desired,  
And seems to lie the nearest to her breast,  
For which she struggles, and is never tired,  
To make me happy, and her children blessed.  
Grant her request, and grant her more than this,  
O, Sovereign Power ! if it may be thy will ;  
And let her have a foretaste of that bliss,  
I long have prayed for, and I pray for still ;  
Though all my prayers may selfish be, for whom I deeply feel.

Nor her alone ; young children I have three,  
For whom I toil, and feel, and fervent pray ;  
As in their happiness my own I see,  
Is closer linked with each succeeding day ;

To guide, instruct, admonish, give reproof,  
 One needs much wisdom ; and no common share,  
 To lead those safely through the paths of youth,  
 Whose wills are stubborn, whose steps wayward are.  
 May heaven in mercy grant me grace, and grant this wisdom rare.

Though I am feeble, may I not survive  
 - To see religion's power upon their hearts ?  
 I feel an inward struggle, hope to live  
 To see the fruits the seed of grace imparts ;  
 So that if called upon a dying bed,  
 That I might say of them, 'I have lost none ;'  
 And feel that they the narrow path would tread,  
 That leads to heaven, when I am dead and gone.  
 For this while living, Lord, I pray, O let thy seed be sown !

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### INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

The last words of the Choctaw Chief, Pushmatah, who died at Washington, in 1824.

Soon I shall die,  
 But you may all return ;  
 And as your paths along  
 You may journey,  
 Flowers you will see, and learn  
 The music of the song,  
 Birds sing to thee.



Then think of me !  
For Pushmatah no more  
His native birds shall see ;  
Sick he must lie ;  
Nor can he hear them pour  
Their notes of melody ;  
Here he must die.

My braves in war !  
When you come to your home,  
They all will ask of you  
For Pushmatah :  
Has Pushmatah not come  
From his long journey too ?  
Where's Pushmatah ?

Say then you will,  
Pushmatah is on more !  
The tidings they will hear,  
As when, all still,  
They hear the thunder roar,  
Of the mighty oak near,  
Dashed on the hill.

## MARKED RETRIBUTION.

Upon a lonely spot a schoolhouse stood,  
A rugged hill town of the old Bay State ;  
A State far famed as our forefathers' land,  
To which they fled for peace of conscience' sake ;  
Where unmolested they might worship God  
With all the meekness of an honest heart :  
True Protestants were they, who felt that God  
Looks on the heart, without established forms ;  
And feared that where externals most abound,  
There is more danger that the sight is lost  
Of God, the centre of religious thought.

Nor for themselves had they anxiety,  
But for their children ages yet unborn  
They felt most deeply, that by grace they might  
A generation for God's praise prepare ;  
A holy people, who in turn would sow  
Unsparingly the seed of grace divine,  
In ground where it would germinate, take root,  
Spring up, and full ripe fruit perfect for Heaven.

Nor wholly were their pious labors lost,  
As many saints of earth can testify,  
And those in Heaven, could they permitted be,  
Who once inherited the pilgrim's land,  
And have the blessing for their fathers' sake,  
Of full fruition, and of perfect bliss.

Such her reward, who long since went to rest,  
If by their fruits we are allowed to judge ;  
I knew her well to whom I now refer,  
Whose father was a minister of Christ,  
And who was valiant for the souls of men,  
Nor ever wearied in his Master's cause,  
To gather sheep into His humble fold,  
And hunt up those upon the mountain strayed ;  
Them bearing back with tenderness and care,  
To set them at their Savior's feet again.

Such was the father of this lovely girl,  
And blessed was the daughter for his sake,  
Whose countenance was perfect symmetry,  
And seemed a mirror to a holy heart,  
And every gentler feeling of her sex.

And modest was the daughter, and sincere,  
Intelligent, but unassuming still,  
And round her seemed a glowing halo cast,  
Of purity, as round a seraph shines ;  
For could a spirit from the courts above,  
For earthly residence, have made a choice,  
Among the many saints of all the earth,  
But few indeed would they more likely take,  
Than this departed saint.

She once was called  
To this lone rugged spot, to teach a school ;  
And there an altar of devotion raised

Unto the God of Abraham, who was  
Her fathers' God ; and like her father, she  
The covenant did plead, which God had made  
To Abraham and his seed.

And daily here,  
Before her youthful pupils and her God,  
She bowed herself, and raised her voice in prayer ;  
With hands uplifted, supplicating aid,  
For wisdom and for grace she felt in need,  
To guide her in the labors of the school ;  
And studied how she could the best promote  
The cause of Christ, as well as sciences.

Nor were her labors vain ; for well we know  
The prayer of faith receives a just reward :  
Such prayers as flow from holy confidence,  
And deep humility, and Christian love,  
To God for fallen man.

But there was one,  
And he an aged hunk, whose burning wrath  
Was kindled to a flame ; for he was one  
If not an atheist, I know not what ;  
But know he was not what he should have been ;  
Nor seemed he to love Christians or their prayers,  
Or any thing that orthodox was named ;  
And in the House of God was seldom seen,  
Unless one preached there who mankind would save,  
The atheist and all.

Him she disturbed,  
As prayers uneasy such will ever make ;

Not that he had one scholar there to send,  
That might come under such influences,  
But for a female praying in a school !  
To him was shocking, and preposterous !  
And he would not one moment countenance ;  
And took himself to task to oust her out,  
And drive her off as if a beast of prey ;  
And drew up a petition to this end,  
And having signed it, urged the district to,  
Going from house to house, as one alarmed,  
By reason of this lady's humble prayers.  
Such a petition would only one man sign,  
And God be praised for so much virtue there.

So she continued in her little school,  
Praying and teaching to its final close ;  
And when she died, most happy was her end !  
Nor can we doubt she is a saint in Heaven,  
Praising her God.

The vision changes now,  
That we may see how unlike was his end  
Who would prevent the incense of her prayers.  
Some five years after, a cold winter day,  
On a pretence of riding into town,  
He went directly to this very house,  
Where oft so fervently that female prayed,  
And doubtless there had often prayed for him ;  
And entered there, some nine o'clock at morn ;  
Nor was he found until the coming one,  
And when he was, was hanging by his neck,

A frozen corpse ! in the same place where she  
Was wont to pray !

He went to his own place.

Reader, reflect, and draw just inferences ;  
For we can see iniquities so marked,  
Have retribution swift ; and what is more,  
It is most awful too.

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#### THE SAVIOR'S PRAYER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

What is that sound at dead of night,  
Comes from the brow of Olivet ?  
When not a star a gleam of light  
Doth shed, and the pale moon is set.

What voice is that ? so mild ! so meek !  
Crying, my Father, do you hear ?  
Whose voice at midnight thus doth speak ?  
Hark ! Is it not the voice of prayer ?

Hark ! hark again ! who can he be ?  
He prays as if in agony !  
Come, sinner, to the mount and see  
Who in such agony doth pray.

Hear ! if it possible may be,  
The voice of prayer continues on,



Father let this cup pass from me ;  
But rather let thy will be done.

Wait but a moment, you will hear,  
Yet still more pressing could it be,  
Thrice offered up that urgent prayer,  
At midnight from Gethsemane.

Ah ! who is he that wrestles so ?  
' Whose locks are with the evening wet ?'  
Ah, sinner ! can you tell me who ?  
Or why those bloody drops of sweat ?

For whom is he at dead of night,  
Ask you, in agony of prayer ?  
Go to your Bible, see the light,  
Like sunbeams burst upon you there.

There learn that Jesus on his knees  
At dead of night sent up a prayer ;  
And for the world's iniquities  
Himself he consecrated there.

Read, read that book, till you shall feel  
As humble as your Savior felt,  
And like him learn yourself to kneel,  
And pray like Jesus when he knelt.

Pray till you feel your sins remove,  
And till your soul is set on fire  
By the long grieved Heavenly Dove  
Who seeks, and seeks admittance there.

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## LINES ON THE DEATH OF AMELIA C—P.

Speak from the grave, Amelia! breathe a strain,  
As thou wast wont, that savored so of Heaven,  
And bid thy friends be innocent like thee;  
Like thee be known but only to be loved;  
Like thee a temper bid them all possess,  
As placid and unruffled as a lake,  
When not a breath of air its bosom moves,  
Or suffered to disturb its deep repose.  
Bid them like thee be modest in extreme,  
Shrinking from all that would contaminate,  
Dark deeds, or words that of pollution breathe,  
That fall pestiferous from unhallowed lips.  
Like thee, retiring, modest bid them be,  
And like thee live a life that is unstained  
By one dark spot on its fair character.  
Teach them, from the example thou hast left,  
They from thy patience should a lesson learn  
Of Christian resignation to God's will:  
That not a murmur should escape their lips,

Though heavily on them doth fall the rod  
Of God's afflictive Providence.

Bid them,  
Like thee, endure severest pangs of death,  
And be untiring in their patience still,  
And learn of thee serene and calm to die.  
Death is the King of Terror ; but to thee,  
Lovely Amelia, he could have no sting ;  
Nor could the grave a victory obtain  
O'er mind of such a heavenly frame as thine.

Since thou hast gone and left us, we do mourn,  
Not without hope, that such a flower, cut off  
At early spring, time of its blossoming,  
Tansplanted in the Paradise of God,  
And nourished by those living waters there,  
Shall grow and flourish in immortal bloom.  
Farewell, Amelia ! may we meet in Heaven.

## A PETITION.

Father of mercy ! hear my prayer  
I offer unto thee ;  
And of thy mercy, grant to spare  
A feeble worm like me.

To whom but thee, in deep distress  
Can I lift up my cry ;  
Thou see'st the inmost human breast  
In all its agony.

And their afflictions thou dost know,  
And canst impart relief ;  
Some comfort on me, Lord, bestow,  
Some solace in my grief.

Grant me the joy of sins forgiven,  
The smilings of thy face ;  
O ! grant some antipast of heaven,  
And keep me by thy grace.

Thy works of grace so boundless are  
For sinful worms like me,  
The holy angels hardly dare  
To search the mystery.

Then why should I, a worm of dust,  
By nature prone to sin,

The wisdom of thy ways distrust,  
Or seek to look within?

Lord ! keep me in my proper place,  
And teach me to adore  
The matchless wonder of thy grace ;  
And never doubt no more.

Teach me to feel for others' wo  
With true benevolence ;  
And every kindly office show,  
That flows spontaneous thence.

And melt my heart to tenderness,  
And mould it all anew ;  
That I, the needy in distress  
May ever keep in view.

Father of all ! this is my prayer ;  
O, hear it in high heaven !  
That to the worthy poor I spare,  
Of what thou hast me given.

And do such all the good I can,  
While I may here remain ;  
Hoping that in the garb of men  
I angels entertain.

## STREAM OF TIME.

TO SARAH ELIZA W——TE.

O, that some angel may thy footsteps guide,  
Softly as zephyrs ; smoothly as the lea ;  
Unbroken as the bubble on the tide,  
That bursts not till it mingles with the sea.

So may thou float upon life's current on ;  
Nor troubled as those floods that chafe the shore ;  
Nor bowed as is the willow that stoops down,  
The angry surge forever weeping o'er.

Life's current rises like the fountain spring,  
Pure, limpid, gushing from the mountain side,  
The bosom bathing with its soft gurgling,  
Ere from the breast that nourished it, it glide.

Then, burst asunder from its first embrace,  
Presses its course, as a sweet flowing rill ;  
But widening fast and deepening too apace,  
Grows to a stream of dark and angry swell ;

Taking its course, though always not the best,  
To keep the even tenor of its way ;  
And more composed become as onward pressed,  
Its last drops mingling in the future sea.



By storms and tempests often 'tis beset,  
Ruffling its bosom as it on doth flow ;  
By rocks begirt, which oft the current fret,  
And eddies form and into whirlpools throw.

Would you glide safely, gently down the stream  
Of life's eventful current, you must watch ;  
Nor be decoyed by any transient beam  
Of light hung out the unwary for to catch.

A thousand beacons for to lead astray !  
Insidious dangers lurking too below !  
Beware ! lest thou be stranded on thy way ;  
Or sink in quicksands, to thy overthrow !

Life's voyage at best is dangerous indeed !  
And when we sail 'tis wise to have a chart ;  
A pilot too along with us we need,  
The better to explain its every part.

Thou hast that chart, I gave thee long ago,  
The destined port to guide thee safer tow'rd ;  
Wouldst thou sail safely all thy passage through,  
Thou need'st a pilot and must ask of God.

'Tis His prerogative for to bestow  
On thee, dear girl, a pilot for thy guide ;  
Wilt thou obtain one, ere thou farther go  
Long down the current of life's ebbing tide ?

The storms and tempests that may then arise  
Thy course endangering and thy hopes to dash ;  
The pilot sees with quick discerning eyes,  
And shuns the dangers and the tempests hush.

There's not a wind that on the coast doth blow,  
Of life's eventful current to the sea,  
Nor lurking dangers in the stream below,  
Nor threatening whirlpools, that would swallow thee,

But the good pilot I would have thee take,  
Thy future port to guide thee safely to,  
Doth know them all, and watchfully would make  
Thy passage safe, and much more glorious too.

And once permitted for to come on board,  
You'll find him there without the least delay ;  
To guide thee through, and see thee safely moored  
In Heaven ! if not opposed and grieved away.

He is so meek, so modest, and so kind !  
So inoffensive, and sincere, and true !  
There is no other like him you can find ;  
Say, dearest girl, may he not go with you ?

I've begged of him ten thousand times, and more,  
To pilot thee adown life's ebbing tide ;  
It sometimes seems as if I must give o'er ;  
So often he hath my request denied.

And sometimes I have thought I heard him say,  
She seems indifferent, why so anxious thou  
That I should with her go, unless she may  
Once for herself in earnest ask me to ?

And then he seemed to turn from me and grieve,  
As if his suit full often he had pressed  
And been denied ! and should no longer strive  
To guide thee to the haven of thy rest.

Say ! is it so ? such kindness canst thou slight,  
And madly float unpiloted, the stream  
That sure as fate thy strongest hopes will blight,  
And too late, show thee they were but a dream ?

The stream of time ! how dangerous, dark, and deep ;  
How winding, eddying, and with tempests tost ;  
How canst thou on its angry bosom sleep !  
And sleep, and sleep, and finally be lost.

It seems to me I can not have it so ;  
My bosom swells ! my spirit groans within !  
And tears unbidden from my eyes do flow ;  
When will you seek a pilot, tell me when ?

## ODE TO THE MOON.

Mild, gentle moon ! thy smilings are  
    Like a lost mother's smiles to me ;  
Whose spirit's flight is borne afar  
    To unknown, vast eternity.  
Her countenance in thee I trace,  
    Whose memory I do revere ;  
Thou art the emblem of her face,  
    Mild smiling orbit of the year.

But that fond mother now is dead,  
    I took my farewell parting view ;  
Her smiles on me no more are shed,  
    As placid and as calm as you ;  
But thou art smiling still the same,  
    Most like a mother's smiles to me.  
Since she is gone, may I not claim  
    Some near relationship to thee ?

For on thy face I see no frown,  
    Though thou art waxen old with years,  
As I myself feel I am grown,  
    By cares, by trials, and by tears.  
Nor can I read in thee decay ;  
    Thou shinest now as fair and bright  
As when on the first setting day  
    Thou ushered in thy placid light.

Oft have I gazed at dead of night,  
    Upon thy mild and smiling face ;  
Surprised to see how much I might  
    A mother's likeness in thee trace ;  
And often when no one was near,  
    But God alone to look on me,  
I've gazed on thee, and wept the tear  
    Of blighted youth's expectancy.

Thou movest in thy trackless way,  
    Nor lookest old by lapse of years ;  
No Joshua commands thy stay,  
    Nor Joshua is there now that dares.  
But still would many gaze upon,  
    Till thou hast turned from them away ;  
Then fondly wish thou wast not gone,  
    Yet none commands thy longer stay.

And who is there that has a heart,  
    That ever felt a poet's fire,  
That willingly from thee would part,  
    Or wish thee hastily retire ?  
There 's not a single son of earth,  
    Whose innocence can face the day ;  
Nor daughter of an honest worth,  
    Could wish thee, smiling orb, away.

All, all would claim thee as their own,  
    As children their own mothers may ;

And feel when thou wast down and gone,  
As they from mothers far away ;  
And if perchance thou hid'st thy head,  
Or on thy face a cloud thou hast,  
They feel instinctively a dread,  
Until that cloud is overpast.

And when thou journeyest afar,  
To other portions of the earth,  
They look upon some friendly star,  
As nearest unto thee by birth,  
And wait impatient thy delay,  
And count the days and moments too,  
When thou wilt come from far away,  
And on them smiling shine anew.

Exalted in thy pathless way,  
Twin sister of an heavenly birth ;  
Thy nightly visits thou dost pay,  
To distant portions of the earth ;  
Smiling on each abode in turn,  
Of every continent and sea ;  
On every face, as thou dost run,  
Forever smiling, as on me.

How often in the dead of night  
Thou sendest back a sickening ray,  
Of guns and bayonets all bright,  
And swords all polished for the fray ;



And as if sickened at the sight  
Of living reeking with the dead,  
Hast oft withheld thy placid light,  
And hid behind some cloud thy head.

So didst thou shine upon that night,  
On all the arms that Europe drew,  
In thickening phalanxes, to fight  
The battle of famed Waterloo.  
So on Napoleon shone thou,  
Who would have conquered half a world,  
But there received his overthrow,  
And soon from his own kingdom hurled.

On Learning's walls thou smilest too,  
But much more mild thy smiling is ;  
Where learned philosophers to view  
Have brought thy hidden mysteries,  
And made thee pendent in thy course,  
Move on thyself and round us move,  
By central, centrifugal force,  
Governed, thou smiling orb of love !

Thou smilest on the azure deep,  
To guide the mariner at sea,  
That they may safely onward sweep  
Through waters smooth and silvery ;  
That they, with telescopic eye,  
On stars may look and look on thee ;

And know if dangers there be nigh,  
As dangers there may often be.

On hill and dale thou shinest so,  
And glisten so among the trees,  
Thou look'st when evening zephyrs blow,  
Like gold and silver on the leaves ;  
So shin'st thou on the grass, the flower,  
Wet by the gentle dews of even,  
They look as if they had a shower  
Of gems and diamonds from Heaven.

Thou shinest too pensive and clear,  
Upon the tombstones of the dead ;  
And all a sacredness doth wear,  
Where dearest ones of earth are laid ;  
Where our last tribute we have paid,  
And wet the ground and grave with tears ;  
There gloomy is the light that's shed,  
And who that passes, but reveres ?

But who can dwell on scenes like these !  
While fairer thou canst shine upon ;  
Whose morbid fancy can it please !  
T'is piety, they should be gone ;  
For who by weeping for the dead,  
Can their own wretchedness appease ?  
T'is right when they at rest are laid,  
The living too should rest at ease.

On youthful lovers thou dost smile,  
All buoyant in the spring of years ;  
Whose bosoms heave, and passions steal,  
And take them oft at unawares ;  
Where blushing cheeks doth meet, 'tis there,  
Sweet orb ! thy light is melting shed ;  
And sparkling eyes more bright appear,  
If thou art smiling o'er their head.

How often in their fond retreat,  
Where lovers meet, and talk, and sigh,  
And all their heart-felt vows repeat,  
Dost thou smile all complacently ;  
Yes, gentle moon ! thy smiles are there,  
As chaste as other smiles withal,  
That lovers shed upon the air,  
With pledges passed reciprocal.

But there's a scene much sweeter far,  
To shine upon, than battle field !  
Sweeter than implements of war,  
Or grass, or flower, or rippling rill ;  
Or learning's halls, or ocean deep,  
Or the enclosures of the dead ;  
Or that where truest lovers weep,  
Though 'tis a place where tears are shed.

On such thou shinest, O ! how fair ;  
'Tis on the saint, retired at even,

Who all alone in secret prayer,  
Pours out his inmost soul to Heaven.  
With hands upraised and swimming eye,  
He cries, my Father, O forgive !  
My sins have pierced the very sky ;  
O ! let a trembling sinner live !

There's not a scene through nature's space,  
Thy smiles look so all angel-light ;  
As on the meekly sainted face,  
That's raised in fervent prayer at night.  
The very language that he breathes,  
Burns living incense to the sky ;  
And the reflections he receives,  
Makes him look all so heavenly.

Roll on, thou gentle orb of night,  
Shine forth resplendent in thy way ;  
May nothing e'er bedim thy light,  
Or turn thee from thy course astray ;  
Shine in thy everlasting flight !  
And smile upon the evening hour,  
Till sunk in one eternal night,  
Thou, smiling orb, shall rise no more.

## THE INDIAN GIRL.

Taken from Levasseur's Journal, as a fact.

A warrior chief my father was ;  
He bravely fought the white man's cause.  
I have a letter yet,  
That thanks him he so brave should be,  
And fought so hard for liberty,  
Signed Marquis Lafayette.

My father, who much glory gained,  
Now that the war no more remained,  
And he had nought to do,  
The great lakes left, and went with joy,  
South to the banks of Illinois,  
The wild game to pursue.

And many warriors followed there,  
And me my mother bore with care,  
Through all the dreary road.  
A few days only she survived,  
After that we had all arrived,  
She sunk beneath the load.

When first my father went away,  
An agent of America  
Politely made request,  
That I, the motherless, might be  
Brought into his own family,  
And tutored with the rest.

My father pledged his little one  
When the great winter's hunt was done,  
    He every year would see ;  
And so for many times he came,  
When ended was the hunt for game,  
    To pay his pledge to me.

Here I was taught from year to year,  
Their tongue and manners, till I near  
    Had grown to womanhood.  
My fathers' superstitions fled  
Before the God the Christians had ;  
    I loved the Christians' God.

Yet in the cool of evening, when  
I heard the cries of savage men,  
    With joy my heart would thrill ;  
Return to camp ! the Indian cries ;  
Return to camp, with ecstacies,  
    My young voice answered shrill.

Five long years now had gone apace,  
Since father from the hunting chase  
    Had once to me appeared ;  
One day, while in my rambling mood,  
Upon the borders of the wood,  
    A warrior to me neared



Mary ! to me the warrior said,  
Thy father 's old and invalid,  
    And wishes thee to see  
Once more at least before he dies,  
And charged me lead thee where he lies ;  
    Come, Mary, follow me.

I followed as the warrior said,  
Nor scarcely thought till he had led  
    Miles onward to the spot,  
Where we arrived at dawn of day,  
And where my poor old father lay,  
    Who had not me forgot.

And here my aged father lay,  
With eyes turned towards the rising day,  
    And battle-painted face,  
And decked with scalps of human head,  
His tomahawk near him was laid,  
    As in its proper place.

And he was calm, and silent too,  
As Indians with death in view  
    Most commonly will be.  
He gazed, then from an old pouch drew,  
In paper wrapped, a manitou,  
    And gave it unto me ;

Requesting me preserve with care  
A gift so precious and so rare,  
    As had the strongest charm  
That I with white men could employ,  
To gain their friendship and enjoy,  
    And me preserve from harm.

For this, once more I wished to see,  
And give this manitou to thee ;  
    'Tis all I have to will ;  
For all to whom I have it shown,  
Have strongly in my favor grown,  
    My father muttered still.

From the French warrior Lafayette,  
Whom English dreaded if they met,  
    This letter came in truth.  
As much Americans he loved,  
And I, as all my battles proved,  
    Fought with him in my youth.

When all he had to say was said,  
In silence on his back he laid,  
    And evident was tired ;  
But ere another sun had shone  
On my poor father, he was gone ;  
    The warrior had expired.

## FOR A LADY'S ALBUM. DEDICATORY.

Those fairy leaves, that are blank paper yet,  
Which none have dared upon the first to write,  
Destined I am of all, the first to wet,  
In characters of black thy surface white.

But a memento only dost thou ask ?  
I give it freely, 'tis a trivial thing ;  
Who would to be remembered, shun the task  
A sentiment, or name, may to them bring ?

I write for others, not myself to read,  
Who here some lineament may trace of me ;  
And on this very spot may shed a tear,  
I hope of sweet and grateful memory.

For this may live, when I no more remain,  
And on it some may fix a glancing eye ;  
And so in others' minds, most hope, like me,  
In grateful memory they ne'er shall die.

Some give a ring, and some a lock of hair,  
To bring past years and moments up anew ;  
When all was bright, and innocent, and fair,  
Inspiring hope and courage ever new.

Who has a gift but doth the giver see ?  
The hair, and eye, and texture of the skin ;  
Their gentle breathing words of suavity ;  
Their peace of mind and harmony within ?

Some give a sentiment, and that alone,  
As sacred to all memory holds dear ;  
That when the giver may be dead and gone,  
All that we love may in their gifts appear.

Go, little volume ! seek the sweetest flower,  
And gather honey, like the bee of May ;  
Pass busy on from rosy bower to bower,  
Extract their sweets, then up and far away.

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HOMER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ROD OF JUPITER, AS  
SHAKING THE HEAVENS.

And as he spoke, he gave the awful nod,  
Bending his sable brows, of Gods the God ;  
While he the locks of his immortal head,  
Celestial shook, Olympus shook with dread.

## SISTER, COME HOME.

Come from Arkansas' State,  
Where murders were of late,  
Too awful to relate,  
    In cold blood done.  
Come, where's no savage yell !  
Come where's no anxious spell,  
From deeds as black as hell ;  
    John Ridge is gone.

This native Washington,  
Beloved, by every one  
Who have his virtues known,  
    Lies low in death.  
Ages to come will raise,  
As lasting as the days  
His monument of praise,  
    In every breath.

Who now will care for thee ?  
Except thy husband, he  
Still lives to see to thee,  
    And to his son ;  
Who in yon western wild,  
On thee or on thy child  
Has friendly, friendly smiled ?  
    Say, is there one ?

Come to thy native rest  
Come, sister ! to my breast ;  
Come hungry, poor, distressed,  
    But only come.  
From thee I have not heard,  
One syllable or word,  
Since Ridge's death occurred ;  
    Mine is thy home.

Why is there such delay  
If you are living, say ?  
And write me home, I pray ;  
    I've waited long :  
And not without a fear,  
Lest hearing, I should hear  
News that would wring a tear,  
    Bitter and strong.

Or write I to the dead,  
Lines that will ne'er be read ;  
And shed those tears I shed ?  
    Can no one say ?  
Is Northrop still alive,  
And does his wife survive ?  
Their lovely pledge still thrive ?  
    Write me, who may.

O ! write and let me hear,  
Though it be most severe,



And draw the dearest tear

I ever shed.

And let it all be known,

If Northrop too is gone,

And wife, and only son

Lie with the dead.

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### THE SABBATH MORNING BELL.

The bells are all ringing,

They call us to singing ;

'Tis a day that is sacred to rest ;

Who would not be going,

Where prayers are flowing,

And sing to the praise of the blest ?

They tell in their chiming,

As true as my rhyming,

There's hope for the sinner undone ;

That pardon is offered,

And salvation proffered

Through Christ, the Immaculate Son.

Then give it a hearing,

'Tis worthy revering,

When the Sabbath bim, bim, bom bell,

Calls, join with that portion,  
That favor devotion ;  
And think of the dangers of Hell.

He needs not your laces,  
He asks for your praises ;  
With a heart all broken for sin ;  
For no silken attire  
Will devotion inspire,  
Or weigh with your Maker a pin.

Come ! cease your excuses,  
For Christ none refuses,  
Who pardon would seek through his blood ;  
Come hungry, come thirsty,  
Come ragged and rusty,  
And enter the Church of your God.

Come worship adoring,  
Forgiveness imploring  
From him who declares, that where  
Two or three have a meeting,  
In his name entreating,  
He's present to answer their prayer.

## THE ABENCERAGE. A SPANISH TALE.

The castle of Allora, strong of old,  
Upon the spur of Ronda's mountain bold,  
As yet remains, as yet to heaven doth peer ;  
The Christians' strong hold once on the frontier  
Of warlike Granada, where they might see  
And check the Moorish movements, if need be ;  
This was a tower confided but to those  
Well tried in war, and only such they chose ;  
And at the time of which I give account,  
Held then Rodrigo de Narvaez the mount ;  
'Mong Moors and Christians famed not only he  
For deeds of war, but noble chivalry.  
His garrison were fifty cavaliers,  
Well mounted and appointed as appears ;  
The roads, and paths, and mountain defiles they  
The Moslems watched patrolling on their way.

'Twas on one summer eve, when Luno bright  
On Terra's face all lovely smiled at night,  
And zephyrs bland had cooled the heat of day,  
The Alcade, commander, sallied forth for prey.  
Nine only of his cavaliers he took  
To scour the country, and to try their luck.  
Careful, and cautious, rode they on their route,  
Lest heard by traveller or Moorish scout ;  
And kept the ravines and the hollow ways,  
Lest the full moon betray them by her blaze.

When come to where the roads run into two,  
Five took the one, the other five pursue ;  
Should either party into danger fall,  
The trumpet's blast should be the signal call.  
O'erhung with trees a defile passing, when  
Singing they heard, the singing of a man.  
Anon concealed them in a grove, whose bend  
Declining, up the stranger must ascend.  
The moon, which left the grove in darkness dire,  
Lit the advancing stranger up entire ;  
They his appearance, and his dress could see,  
As he advanced with perfect accuracy.  
He proved to be a Moorish cavalier ;  
Graceful his carriage, splendid his attire ;  
And his demeanor noble, and so frank,  
Showed him to be of some exalted rank.  
Caparisoned magnificent was he,  
Superbly mounted on a steed of gray ;  
His spirits gen'rous, and of powerful frame,  
To take him manful was no easy game ;  
His dress a tunic, and all fringed with gold ;  
An albernoz of crimson damask bold ;  
With silk and cotton striped of many a fold ;  
His turban was Tunisian, fringed with gold ;  
With loops of silk, and golden tassels hung,  
A steel Damascus his rich girdle swung.  
On his left arm an ample target bore ;  
A lance two pointed grasped his right with power.  
Thus on his steed full negligent he sat,  
Nor dreamed of danger or of adverse fate ;

With manly voice gazed on the moon above,  
And sweetly sung a Moorish tale of love.

Opposed to where the Alcade's soldiers hid,  
A fountain small gushed forth beside the road ;  
To slake his thirst the horse turned to the spring,  
The noble Moor continued for to sing.

So pleased the Spanish cavaliers to see  
The Moor's appearance and his gallantry,  
To harm resolved not, but to capture would,  
Which promised easy in his careless mood.  
From their concealment rushed as at a bound,  
The Moor unguarded thinking to surround.  
Never were men mistaken more indeed !  
His reins to gather and wheel round his steed,  
To brace his buckler, and his lance to couch,  
And be prepared to give the fatal touch,  
Was quick as thought, he like a castle sat,  
Fixed in his saddle, to contend his fate.  
Cautious they neared him, then some words arose,  
Lest they should slay him if they came to blows.  
Then said the Moor, if you be knights indeed,  
And seek for fame, the fame of honor's meed,  
Come singly on ! I meet you one by one ;  
If lurkers are you of the road, come on ;  
If for the booty, not for fame you thirst,  
Come all at once, come on and do your worst.

The cavaliers a moment's parley made,  
When one exclaimed, advancing at their head,  
Although no law of chivalry constrains  
To risk a prize already in our hands,  
Yet we will grant as a mere courtesy,  
What, as a right, we might deny to thee.  
Most valiant Moor, defend thee from the worst ;  
We charge thee singly, and I charge thee first ;  
He said, then wheeled, and couched his lance's blade,  
Spurred up his horse, and at the stranger made.  
The Moor he met him in his midway course,  
Transpierced, and threw headlong from his horse.  
The second and the third were from their steed  
Cast to the ground, as was the first, to bleed.  
Two only left, such havoc these to see  
Already made, forgot their courtesy,  
And both at once, fiercely, with all their power,  
With lances couched, charged on the gallant Moor.  
One thrust he parried, one received his thigh ;  
Shocked and confused, he let his lance drop nigh.  
He thus disarmed and closely too pursued,  
To fly pretended, and escape make good ;  
When drawn the cavaliers some distance thence,  
He wheeled, passed through, swung down and grasped his  
lance,  
But mounted quick, as Moorish horsemen do,  
And turned his steed, the battle to renew ;  
Thus fresh for contest, reckless of all fears,  
One blew a blast, one of the cavaliers ;



The horn so sounded that the brave Alcade,  
And champions four came quickly to their aid.

When valiant Narvaez saw cast to the ground  
Three cavaliers all bleeding with their wound,  
The other two hotly engaged with one,  
He stood astonished, and admired the man,  
Then interfering in the fight appears ;  
Desist, my followers ! stop my cavaliers !  
With courteous words the valiant Moor addressed,  
And to more equal combat him he pressed.  
The Moor received the challenge, and they fought ;  
Doubtful the issue, and the contest hot,  
And the Alcade had need of all his skill ;  
So true the thrusts, so strong the blows that fell.  
By loss of blood, and by his previous fight,  
The Moor still fought, not with his usual might ;  
No longer sat he firmly on his horse,  
Nor aimed his blows with wonted skill and force.  
Collecting all his strength, as needs he must,  
His stirrups rose in and he made a thrust ;  
The Alcade's shield received it without harm,  
The Moor, the Alcade wounded on his arm,  
Then seized upon him, weak and out of breath,  
Dragged from his saddle, and cast him to the earth.  
Then on his breast, his knee the Alcade put,  
His dagger held he closely to his throat ;  
Thou art my prisoner said he, cavalier !  
Thy life is in my hand, and life is dear ;

The Moor replied, death would less greivous be,  
Than for to live and lose my liberty.  
With clemency none but the brave would had ;  
The Moor to rise, was helped by the Alcade,  
With his own hands his bleeding wounds dressed there ;  
Then had him to his castle borne with care.  
Slight were his wounds, a few days nearly cured ;  
The deepest wounds his spirits then endured.

A great regard conceived the brave Alcade,  
And more a friend, than captive, of him made ;  
To cheer him tried in every way ; 'twas vain.  
Moody and sad he constant did remain,  
When on the castle's battlements his eyes  
Were southward turned, with fixed and wistful gaze.  
And how is this, exclaimed the Alcade then,  
That you so hardy and so brave a man,  
Since in the field more fearless no one knows,  
Should in my prison all your spirit lose ?  
If any secret grief may on you prey,  
As to a friend, confide it unto me ;  
And as a cavalier I solemn vow,  
You'll not repent I the disclosure know.  
The Moorish knight, the hand of the Alcade  
Pressed to his lips ; brave cavalier ! he said,  
That I in spirits am cast down, know then,  
Is not for wounds ; my wounds quite slight have been,  
Nor in captivity that I am flung ;  
Your kindness has robbed that of all its gloom ;

Nor that defeated, conquered, as I be,  
By one so brave, is no disgrace to me.  
But to explain the causes of my wo,  
I need my tale's particulars to show ;  
And this the more, I am constrained to do,  
By the great sympathy you for me show ;  
And magnanimity that shines so bright,  
Through all your actions, to'rds a conquered knight.

The Abencerages of Granada are,  
Though fallen now, yet noble once they were,  
The line from whom an origin I claim ;  
And know that Abendaraez is my name.

Of that destruction that befel our line  
With treason charged, yet guiltless of the crime,  
How some were banished, and some lost their head,  
You must have heard of, or you must have read ;  
So no Abencerage in Granada,  
That would presume, or that could longer stay,  
Except my uncle and my father loved,  
Whose innocence to enemies was proved :  
Should they have children, 'twas decreed that they,  
To educate, their sons to send away.  
Their daughters in the kingdom were forbid,  
But must depart, should they presume to wed.  
So I was sent, an infant as appeared,  
Unto Gartama's Fortress to be reared,  
With the Alcade, my father's ancient friend,

Destined I was, my youthful years to spend.  
He had no child, and took me as his own,  
And all a father's kindness in him shone.  
In a few years he with a daughter blest,  
I called her sister, loved her and carressed.  
His tenderness continued still the same,  
I with Zarissa grew ; this was her name ;  
And thought the growing passions that I had,  
Mere love fraternal, which Zarissa paid.  
Her charms beheld I as the morning rose,  
Which every morn fresh beauty doth disclose ;  
So leaf by leaf unfolding to my view,  
I saw new beauty, felt attachments new.

Now for the first I chanced to overhear ;  
They talked of me, nor thought that I was near.  
Said the Alcade to a domestic low,  
'Tis time that he his parentage should know ;  
He ought to be apprised, he ought to hear,  
That he in life may choose him some career.  
Long as I could, I 've lengthened out the space ;  
'Tis hard to tell him of his proscribed race.

This to have heard at any early date,  
Would overwhelmed me, and have sealed my fate.  
Zarissa then no sister ! O, the thought !  
'Twas so electric, so like magic wrought ;  
And in a trice my kindred feelings fled,  
And love most ardent took the place instead.

This secret, I was anxious to impart,  
Which never entered till that time my heart ;  
And in a garden, fragrant flowers around,  
I sought Zarissa, and Zarissa found.  
She was arranging, by a mirror there,  
A fountain made, the ringlets of her hair.  
Smit with the radiance of her lovely face,  
I ran with open arms to her embrace ;  
With the embraces of a sister, she  
Kindly received and fondly smiled on me ;  
But chided me, though mildly, as I ween,  
When seated, that I had long absent been.  
I in reply my secret on her pressed,  
But the recital shocked her, and distressed !  
Then is our happiness, alas ! cried she,  
Now at an end, for any thing I see.  
Since I am not thy brother, I exclaimed,  
Will you reject that love you have inflamed ?  
No ! she replied, but when once known is this,  
'Twill part us always, end our happiness.

And from that time, when intercourse was had,  
New was the character, the meeting sad :  
Yet 'mong the jesamines, where was the fount,  
I met Zarissa, as I oft was wont.  
No longer she advanced, in all her charms,  
For to embrace me, in her open arms.  
Reserved and silent, and with downcast eye,  
She blushed and sighed, when I was seated by.

A thousand doubts and fears on me preyed,  
Which, who loves deeply, they alone have had ;  
And I was restless, looked back with regret,  
To intercourse, when unreserved we met.  
Yet for Zarissa, than sister she should be,  
The world would give, she was the world to me.

The King of Granada, while things thus lay  
Between us, ordered the Alcade away,  
Of Coin, the Fortress for to take command,  
Which on the Christian frontier has its stand.  
Whilst, at Gartama leaving only me,  
Proposed removing all his family.  
Against this separation my dissent  
I offered, for Zarissa must have went ;  
This is the very reason as I find,  
Said the Alcade, why I leave you behind ;  
And Abendaraez, it is time that you  
The secret of your origin should know ;  
And that thou art no son at all to me,  
Nor is Zarissa sister aught to thee.  
I know it all, exclaimed I, and I love her  
With the affection ten times of a brother.  
As children you have brought us up together,  
And all our hopes now centre in each other ;  
Our hearts with growth have twined to one, indeed !  
And do not sunder now our hearts to bleed.  
Fill up the measure of your kindness, be  
Indeed a father, as I thought, to me.



Give me Zarissa, all my hope, my life,  
My Heaven, my all, O ! give her as my wife.

The Alcade's brow then darkened as I spoke ;  
Have you deceived me ? said he with a look !  
This the return for love, as to a child,  
The affections of Zarissa to beguile ?  
Teach her to practice to'rd her father too,  
This secret fraud ? this the return from you ?  
'Twas cause enough, it must be as I choose,  
My daughter's hand to give thee I refuse,  
Your race proscribed, you never can draw near  
Granada's walls, and so must tarry here.  
This I could pardon, but will never give  
Her hand to him, her father would deceive.

Myself to vindicate, Zarissa clear,  
I made attempts, he would not deign to hear ;  
I left his presence, and with heart-felt wo,  
Zarissa sought, and told her of this blow,  
'Twas worse than death, Zarissa ! all is o'er !  
We part, said I, and part forever more !  
Thy father, thee most rigidly will guard,  
And make some happier rival thy reward.  
Such will thy beauty and his riches gain,  
And I forgotten, evermore remain.  
For want of faith, Zarissa chided me,  
And promised, too, eternal constancy ;  
Moved by my anguish, and despair, and doubt,

A secret union pledged to bring about.  
Espousals made, she parted with a vow,  
From Coin to write me, when it best would do ;  
As it was only when her father might  
Be from the fortress, that she would me write.  
After our secret nuptials, the next day  
The Alcade's train beheld I march away ;  
His presence strictly he refused to me,  
And parting farewells to my Zarissa.  
At Gartama some pacified, I staid,  
In spirit, by the secret union made ;  
But all around, Zarissa I had wed,  
Reminded, and my holy passion fed.  
The windows where I often had her seen,  
And those apartments, where she oft had been ;  
The chamber too, in which she ever slept,  
The bower of jessamines where oft she kept,  
The fountain's side, in which she took delight,  
Arranged her hair as in a mirror bright ;  
These all recall her, and my mind distressed !  
And melancholy tender seized my breast.

At length a trusty servant brought to me  
Word, that her father would depart that day,  
On a short absence to Granada gone,  
Inviting me to hasten unto Coin ;  
The secret portal, and the signal too,  
Described, by which I might an interview.

Most valiant Alcade ! if you ever loved,  
You know the transport that my bosom moved.  
I dressed myself most gallant for the ride,  
That night to pay due honor to my bride ;  
Against attack, arming myself, I pressed  
Forth from Gartama, and you know the rest.  
How I am found by sad reverse of war,  
Instead of bridegroom in Coin's nuptial bower,  
Vanquished with wounds, Allora's walls within,  
A prisoner, when at Coin I would been.  
Within three days Zarissa's father, he,  
Returns to Coin, then all is up with me ;  
Have I no cause that I impatience show ?  
And for my grief in this confinement too ?

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez' bosom heaved,  
For this recital greatly moved and grieved ;  
For though more used to rugged war, than scenes  
Of amorous softness, which the heart entwines ;  
A nature gen'rous, noble he possessed,  
Which showed itself when others were distressed.  
Abendaraez ! said he, thy confidence  
I did not seek for curious pretence ;  
It gives me much, that my good fortune should  
Have marred an enterprise so fair and good ;  
Give me thy faith, as a true knight, that you  
Within three days my castle will come to,  
A prisoner, and I will permission grant,  
Thy nuptials to accomplish, as you want.

The Abencerage would fallen at his feet,  
To show his gratitude, it was so great ;  
But the Alcade would no such gratitude,  
As at his feet, the gallant Moor would showed.  
His cavaliers he called, the Moor he took  
By the right hand, and in their presence spoke,  
You promise as a faithful cavalier,  
In three days to Allora's Castle here,  
You will return yourself, my prisoner ;  
And the Abencerage replied, I do.  
Said the Alcade, go, and may fortune good  
Attend you as you journey on the road.  
And if your safety any guard requires,  
We'll go with you, I and my cavaliers.  
The Abencerage then took the Alcade's hand,  
Kissed in acknowledgment for acts so kind.  
Give but my armor and my steed to me,  
And I require no other guard, said he ;  
It is not likely that I, as I go,  
Again shall meet so valorous a foe.

The shades of night had fallen when away,  
The drawbridge echoed to his steed of gray ;  
Then his light clattering hoofs along the road,  
Bespoke the fleetness he his bride made toward.  
It was deep night when the brave Moor arrived  
At Coin, the Castle where Zarissa lived.  
Silent and cautious walked his panting steed  
Beneath its walls, for it was dark indeed !

And he had nearly passed around them ere  
The portal came to mentioned by his dear.  
He paused, looked round, if he observed might be,  
Then three times with his lance's butt knocked he.  
The portal opened which was closed before,  
For one stood waiting constant at the door.  
Alas ! said she, what has detained you thus,  
Senor, so long, so very long from us ?  
Each coming night, I've watched and watched for thee,  
My lady's heart sick with anxiety.

The Abencerage his lance and shield hung there,  
Against the walls, and his bright cimeter,  
And followed her a winding stairs that led,  
With silent steps up to Zarissa's bed.  
Vain would it be, and the attempt be vain,  
The raptures of that meeting to explain ;  
Time flew too swift, he had forgotten quite  
The Alcade's promise, till it was too late.  
The recollection filled him with distress,  
And woke him sudden from his dream of bliss.  
His altered looks Zarissa soon espies,  
And with alarm she heard his stifled sighs :  
Her countenance yet brightened up anew,  
When she had learned the causes of his wo ;  
Said she let not thy spirits be downcast,  
Throwing her white arms fondly round his waist ;  
I of my father's treasures have the key,  
Send more than ransom and remain with me.

No, said Abendaræz, my word is pledged.  
I must return, as solemn I engaged ;  
Like a true knight my promise must fulfil,  
Then fortune must do with me as it will.  
Then said Zarissa, if you needs must go,  
I yield my liberty, and follow too.  
With joy transported was the Moor to see  
His wife's new proof of love and constancy.  
All preparations speedily were made  
For their departure to the brave Alcade.  
Behind the Moor, upon his steed of gray,  
She left the castle, ere the break of day ;  
Nor did they pause until their journey through,  
They at Allora's castle gate came to.  
Them to receive the gate was open swung,  
Which strong upon its massy hinges hung.  
Alighting in the court he at his side  
The trembling steps supported of his bride.  
Into the presence of the brave Alcade,  
Veiled as she was, he his Zarissa led.  
Valiant Alcade, said he, behold the way  
That an Abencerage their promise pay !  
A prisoner I promised to return,  
Two captives I have brought you ; two for one.  
Behold Zarissa ! and judge whether I  
To lose such treasure without reason sigh ;  
Receive us as your own ; for I confide  
Her honor to your hands, my life beside.  
The Alcade was in admiration pure



Of the fair lady lost, and noble Moor ;  
I do not know, said he, which of the two  
The other doth surpass ; but it is true  
Your presence graces and it honors too  
My castle ; and I yield it unto you.  
Into it go, consider it to be  
As your own castle, while you stay with me.

For several days they at Allora stayed,  
Each loved the other both loved the Alcade,  
Who to the Moorish king of Granada  
Of courtesy a letter sent straightway,  
The valor, good faith and whole event  
Of the Abencerage was in it sent.  
For him the royal countenance did crave,  
Whose faith so good, whose valor was so brave.

The king was moved by the sad, pleasing tale,  
For him resolved his favor should not fail,  
When chance so good he could attention show  
So gallant and so chivalrous a foe ;  
Though from the prowess suffered often he  
Of Rodrigo de Narvaez' chivalry ;  
The character heroic he admired,  
Don Rodrigo de Narvaez had acquired.

Into his presence calling the Alcade  
Of Coin, the letter gave him for to read.  
Pale turned the Alcade, and with rage he shook,

When on the letter he had cast a look,  
Restrain thine anger, said the king, there be  
Nothing the Alcade could require of me,  
But I would grant it, if within my power ;  
Go to Allora, to Allora's tower ;  
Pardon thy children, to thy home receive ;  
The Moor I pardon, and my favor give ;  
And it will be my happiness for to  
Heap benefits upon the whole of you.

The Alcade's kindling ire was quickly stayed,  
And for Allora's castle hast'ning made,  
And to his bosom pressed his children sweet,  
Who would have fallen gladly at his feet.  
Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, called the brave,  
Gave both their freedom, nor would ransom have,  
Of them demanding but a promise mere  
Of future friendship, which he held most dear  
These he accompanied to celebrate  
At Coin their nuptials, with rejoicings great.  
But to Allora hastened his return,  
As soon as e'er the marriage rites were done.  
As Rodrigo de Narvaez homeward pressed,  
The Alcade then his children thus addressed :  
Into your hands I all my wealth dispose ;  
And first of all, I would to you propose  
Not to forget that ransom should be paid  
With lib'ral hand unto the brave Alcade.  
His magnanimity you can't repay,  
You can prevent, should you his dues delay ;

Give him your friendship, faithful, frank, and true ;  
Though of a different faith, it is his due.  
The Moor then thanked him that he had made known  
A proposition so much like his own.

Of gold a large sum took he as proposed,  
In a rich coffer sent it him enclosed ;  
And for himself, six horses fine to view,  
Caparisoned superbly, were sent too ;  
Six shields and lances mounted and embossed  
With purest gold, he sent his Alcade host.

At the same time his fair and lovely bride  
To the Alcade a letter wrote beside,  
Filled with expressions of her gratitude  
And friendship for the kindness he had showed.  
A box sent too of fragrant cypress wood,  
Containing linen that was very good.

Those on the night the skirmish did ensue  
Shared in the horses and the armor too.  
The cypress box and linen he retained,  
So much Zarissa had his friendship gained ;  
The sum of gold the messenger would left,  
He sent Zarissa, as a wedding gift.  
This courtesy and noble spirit raised  
The Moor's esteem, they all the Alcade praised.  
Him they extolled, a mirror for to be,  
Of perfect virtue, and of chivalry.  
And from that time, there have exchanges been,  
Of friendly acts between the different men.

## THE ENIGMA NO. 2.

Few are the letters that my name compose,  
And known in science every author knows ;  
My habitation is aerial space,  
And yet I'm sought to guide the human race.  
I have a birth, but know not whence it was ;  
Yet to most nations I have given laws.  
I've placed the Monarch on his royal throne ;  
And often I have cast that Monarch down.  
The Greeks have known me and the Romans too ;  
The modern English and the ancient Jew.  
Who use me most, the most my value prize ;  
Yet those who do I often criticise.  
From east to west, from pole to distant pole,  
I'm always going and without control.  
But what is strange, though stranger I have known ;  
To tell the truth, I cannot go alone.  
To every learned divine a friend remain ;  
As well as to Voltaire, or Hume, or Paine.  
Both law and sermon I have practiced in ;  
Of medicine I have not ignorant been ;  
And I have caused as bitter a tear as flows ;  
And great rejoicings as have ever rose.  
I ne'er got drunk though often have my fill ;  
Was always sober, though could not stand still.  
All lovers seek me, and they prize me too ;  
I tell their stories as the lovers do ;  
I make all fair the wherefores and the whys ;  
And to one truth can tell a dozen lies.

Yet have no members that to man belong,  
The powers of sight, of hearing, or of tongue.

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### THE BROKEN VOW.

Before the heavens and earth he took a wife ;  
And called on all that sacred doth exist  
Either in Holy Writ or civil codes,  
That he would love her, and love only her ;  
That he would cherish and would nourish her ;  
And cleaving to her others would forsake.  
Nor should parental ties e'er influence him,  
To mar the prospects of the holy bonds ;  
But as God's Word doth solemnly enjoin,  
Would live for her alone.

Angels and men,  
And God his Maker witnessed this his vow,  
Him calling to attest ; how solemn made !  
That as himself, his young spouse he would love,  
Who was not taken from the foot of man  
To trample in the dust.

And to his heart  
He feigned to take the young and tender plant.  
Against the parents' wishes so she loved !  
This first young opening flower he snatched  
Full stealthily from the kind parent stock.  
She clung to him, like some young tendril shoot ;

For she had scarcely entered on her teens,  
And loved with all the frankness of a child ;  
For youth is honest when it is in love ;  
Heaven tell me ! was not she ?

One year and month  
Together they had lived ; she clung to him  
As to a tree doth cling the misletoe ;  
And that she loved him he could never doubt ;  
Or that she loved him better than herself.  
Alas ! how often is such love abused !  
Love, strong as death !

Something possessed his heart,  
Stealing its way through some dark corner there ;  
Could it be Satan, clad in a disguise ?  
Assuming friendship for so reckless deed,  
Who seemed an angel, clothed in angels' garb ;  
Feigning desire for matrimonial bliss,  
While in his heart one only passion reigned,  
To mingle in their cup hymeneal cast,  
Soon as might be, the wormwood and the gall ;  
That from their lips in haste it might be dashed,  
Flowing with young love's nectar to the brim,  
E're they as yet had scarcely had a sip ;  
Or his satanic minions the more like,  
Who, like their master, strangers are to bliss,  
And swayed by every selfish principle.  
For suddenly he left her, though she would  
To the world's end have gone ; and anywhere,  
But where he had resolved ; and had resolved



To force on her compliance to his will.  
For well she knew, had lived there, been abused  
In language such as modesty forbids  
I should repeat.

She warned him if he went,  
That he must go alone, though hard to part !  
But he determined, stubborn as a mule,  
To have his way, and say once in a year ;  
Though it was said his will he ever had.  
And now, as if there was no other way  
To cross her feelings, and to glut his own,  
Seized on this course, as on a last resort,  
To let her know that she must follow him  
Submissive, though into a serpent's den.  
He asked her, will you go? she told him no !  
And so had told him often, kindly though ;  
When he enraged, took from her his effects,  
Decried her credit, and denied a home  
On his account.

He asked her then to go ;  
She answered no ! abruptly he broke out,  
' Go to the d——l then, if you will, I'll go  
To Texas, d——m it all.'

This was man's love.

## WILD FLOWERS.

I once passed a place where wild flowers grew,  
Fanned by the May morning breeze ;  
And where no intruder might chance to view  
Them bowing as if to please.

And they waved their heads, and their tender stems  
Hung down as if in bashfulness ;  
And the dew on their petals shone as gems  
Glisten on a heaving breast.

And their tears would shed in a weeping mood,  
And their heads would blush, and turn  
As modest young ladies will, handled rude ;  
Whose cheeks with crimson burn.

I happened once more to pass by the place,  
And the wild flowers still were fair ;  
And they blushed and turned with a native grace,  
As the zephyrs fanned them there.

Protected they were by some rugged trees,  
Like watchful parents, that stood  
With branches stretched o'er, lest by some rude breeze,  
Their charms to the winds be strewed.

Their petals no tempest had rudely stripped,  
As ruddy still ! and as sweet  
As the nectar was that Jupiter sipped,  
Were they, in their fond retreat.

I mused with myself the reason to know,  
Why others were stripped so bare ;  
And these were left blooming, to blush and bow ;  
Perfuming around the air.

#### MORAL.

An answer I found to the query raised,  
An answer that nature gives ;  
For the roseless bushes sought to be praised,  
And so had lost all their leaves.

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#### MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Oft I think of the home of my childhood and youth,  
Where father and mother lived many a day ;  
The instructions they gave me, those lessons of truth,  
To govern my conduct with playmates at play.  
They are gone and are o'er ;  
And never no more,  
Shall I see the days of my youth ;  
Oft I think of the hour,  
'Neath my own native bower,  
When I was taught lessons of truth.

I oft look on the past, there I oft turn mine eye,  
Hear mother soft singing so plaintive and sweet;  
And my father a singer, and a good singer by,  
Like an organ would put on a deep bass to it.  
They are dead, and are gone,  
Their singing is done ;  
I never shall hear them more ;  
Her sing treble so sweet,  
He join bass to it ;  
The music of parents is o'er.

Oft I think of the dwelling so humble and low,  
And fond recollections yet cling to the spot ;  
For the region all round it was located so,  
A landscape it formed that cannot be forgot ;  
There's the plain so high,  
The pond-hole so nigh,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill ;  
Where the frogs they would sing,  
Glair glub in the spring ;  
And the nightingale, whippoorwill.

Two streets by the dwelling which run northward and west,  
Formed a corner in which our domicile stood ;  
South and east, was our garden, more southward and east,  
Was well watered mowland bounded on each road ;  
The streamlet flowed through  
The meadow land low,

And often we turned it about,  
Through the barnyard to run,  
Or garden by turn,  
Where sometimes we caught the fine trout.

In the days of my childhood, my childhood indeed,  
I've trudged big enough to the rivulet there ;  
With a stick on my back, with some twine, pin and lead,  
To catch trout and shiners if any there were.

By the banks I would go,  
As fishermen do,  
With worm on the pin for a bait ;  
Did I have a nibble,  
Quibble and quibble,  
Why ! all the day long I could wait.

Oft I think of the rides on those wintry nights cold,  
When moonshine would glisten the crust of the snow ;  
Our hand sleds we would take, and pile on many fold,  
From the top to the bottom would down away go,  
Of the hill where I slid,  
And many more did ;  
But where we may never again  
Slide it down any more,  
By dozens or o'er,  
And work hard at labor in vain.

The school house, where spent I the days of my childhood,  
Was near the Ware river, that winter froze o'er ;

Fine skating it made, and we all in our wild mood,  
Would spend there our noon times, and often much more.  
    There was always much fun,  
    The skaters would run,  
The corksman would try them to catch ;  
    Would after them take,  
    The men of the skate,  
And sometimes proved more than a match.

How often at noon time the damp snows we would heap,  
    Pile one on another, as Bonaparte did ;  
Our forts we would call them, our snow balls would keep,  
    When wet, to be frozen 'bout as heavy as lead.  
    The leaders were chosen,  
    The men by dozen ;  
And out they would go for a try ;  
    And a snowball like lead,  
    Should one show his head,  
From the opposite fort would fly.

Removed is the schoolhouse, and never, O never  
    The mates of my youth shall I meet there for sport ;  
For gone are my playmates ; and some gone forever !  
    I hope to a place where they need not a fort ;  
    Nor some powder and lead,  
    Or snow balls instead,



To show off the spirit of war ;  
    In that region of light,  
    Where never they fight ;  
And naught can their peacefulness mar.

Gone, gone are my parents, as I've told you before ;  
    The house is part gone too, that used to stand there ;  
My brothers and sisters the wide world are o'er ;  
    Thus Providence ordered, and so I am here.

    While two brothers are dead,  
    At home one is laid,  
In the yard that's opposite to ;  
    And the other preferred,  
    When he was interred,  
There not to be carried for show.

Tho' changed are the scenes there, yet some relicts remain,  
    I still feel attached to whene'er I pass through  
The town of my childhood, yet it gives many pains,  
    No more to behold, and say how do you do.

    Yet that fine elm tree  
    Continues to be ;  
The brook there continues to flow ;  
    And the grave yard is there,  
    Still opposite where  
Lived my parents that lie there now.

There the great rock remains that no powder hath shaken,  
Looks the same, not altered at all by its age ;  
As you pass o'er the bridge on the right, 'twill awaken  
Attention, if ever you pass, I engage.

There's the horse block of stone,  
I think it 's not gone ;  
And the barn yet stands where it did ;  
And the high boarded fence,  
Is not removed thence ;  
But remains much as it was made.

There's the old pond hole still, that no outlet could gain ;  
And nature hath destined shall not run away ;  
And the bush on the west, up the hill to the plain,  
Looks just as it has done for many a day.

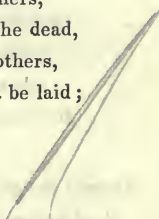
The bull-frogs there go,  
And drag it out slow,  
Tombolin, Tombolin, Tombolin,  
And the smaller ones nigh,  
Will sharply reply,  
Billy Green, Billy Green, Billy Green.

In review of my youth there is much to amuse,  
And oft on my face it will wring out a smile ;  
Then my thoughts take a turn, I the future peruse,  
And sad are the feelings that over me steal.

Once I felt I was young,  
Those feelings are gone ;

My years are half stole away ;  
Now I feel I'm old,  
And the tale is half told ;  
And soon will be all told of me.

But when I am gone to the land of my fathers,  
Where silence reigns over the sleep of the dead,  
Kind reader, remember like me, and like others,  
You here in your turn, like myself must be laid ;  
Then I beg you prepare,  
Whoever you are,  
To follow the poet you've read ;  
If he be with the blest,  
Permitted a guest,  
When his body in dust is laid.



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#### THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE DARK GRAVE.

Some parents had an only child,  
All smiling in its youth ;  
Her loveliness their cares beguiled,  
Her modesty and truth ;  
Nor more than four years old was she,  
When she did pine away ;  
Her symptoms strongly proved to be  
The symptoms of decay.

Physicians' skill in vain was sought,  
To save this youthful flower ;  
Disease crept onward, there was naught  
That could arrest its power.  
Intelligence the doctor gave  
To parents all distressed,  
That nothing could their daughter save ;  
The idol of their breast.

This little one suspicions had  
She should not long survive,  
And asked her father near the bed,  
If she had long to live ;  
She on her father's anxious face,  
Fixed her deep sunken eye,  
As if, my father 'tis your place  
To tell your fears of me.

Papa ! what does the doctor say ?  
That I am soon to die !  
His fears or hopes, be which they may,  
Communicate to me.  
Unto his child he told the truth,  
Though it was hard to tell ;  
Soon I must part with thee, dear youth ;  
Her countenance then fell.

Then all was silence for a spell ;  
When she the silence broke,

With trembling lips and visage fell ;  
The grave looks very dark !  
Oh ! it is very dark indeed !  
Papa ! come go with me,  
Into the dark, dark grave ; I need  
My father's company.

Moved was the father very much ;  
His daughter tried to show,  
By nature her request was such,  
With her he could not go.  
Papa ! then won't you let mama  
Go long with me she said ?  
Oh ! it is dark, and very far !  
I need your kindly aid.

To this request, the last of all,  
A like reply he made ;  
The little sufferer to the wall,  
Then weeping, turned her head.  
But while like Hezekiah she wept,  
Like him, had learned to pray ;  
Poured out her heart to him who kept  
All hearts and lights the way.

Her prayer, it was the prayer of faith ;  
The majesty on high  
Such faithful prayers answereth,  
As infant lips can try.

She turning to her father then,  
And with a smiling brow,  
Papa ! she said, the grave has been,  
The grave is not dark now.

I know that you and that mama  
Cant go along with me ;  
For dark the grave, and journey far,  
That I am borne from thee.  
But Jesus, he will go with me  
Into the silent tomb,  
And light the way, accompany,  
And guide your daughter home.

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### CRAZY KATE.

She was intelligent and fair  
As the May morning sun,  
Her language like her heart was pure,  
And sweeter there was none.

Reason then o'er her held control,  
She listened to its sway ;  
Her reason she has lost, poor soul !  
And so is cast away.



Once they called her Miss Catherine,  
And sought her smiles till late ;  
Her reason lost, no name they find,  
But that poor crazy Kate.

No parlor once was there too good,  
That she might seated be ;  
Her's was the best and richest food  
Of hospitality.

Now in a kitchen or a shed,  
She only finds a seat ;  
And water and a crust of bread,  
Is all her kindly treat.

She takes it too with gratitude,  
And sits her down to eat ;  
Thanks them, as for the best of food,  
And says 'tis charming sweet.

She looks as with a jealous eye,  
And smiles and turns her head ;  
Talks to herself continually,  
While eating of the bread.

Then at the door she ventures in,  
Before from them she goes ;

Begs of some one an 'idle pin,'  
Or string to tie her shoes.

Asks them again for bread to eat,  
Her bosom crams it in,  
Hails all she passes in the street  
For shoe strings or a pin.

I've heard her, when the wind did roar,  
It stormed, and it was late,  
Rap gently at some neighbor's door ;  
I knew the rap of Kate.

They answered they no lodgings had  
For strangers, hours so late ;  
And whispering, to themselves they said  
'Tis that poor crazy Kate.

The next door to they bid her go,  
They could her entertain.  
She went ; the next door neighbors knew  
Poor Katy's rap again.

They answered they were all in bed,  
And could not let her in ;  
No strangers keep we, too they said,  
Whispering, she wants a pin.

The next door neighbors you will keep ;  
You can find lodgings there ;  
Poor Katy went ; they all asleep,  
Or feigned so, would not hear.

She rapped, and rapped, and rapped again ;  
They listened and they snored ;  
Katy, they said, is in the rain,  
For rain in torrents poured.

They whispered we must louder snore,  
Or Katy will not hear . . .  
It rains so hard, but at the door  
Will rap, rap half a year.

So crazy Kate she rapped in vain,  
A shelter for to get ;  
No one received her from the rain,  
All dripping in the wet.

All full, no strangers, or a snore,  
Was all that she could get ;  
The rap, they knew, at every door,  
Well, was the rap of Kate.

She for herself a shelter sought ;  
It was an open shed ;

Kind Providence to her had brought  
A manger for a bed.

Here from the storm she did remain,  
No better could she get ;  
Without a bed or fire to warm  
The shivering frame of Kate.

And with the morning sun she rose  
And walked again the streets ;  
With chattering teeth she says wet clothes,  
Cold, rain, to all she meets.

When she was young, and fair, and sane,  
No strangers, full, or snore,  
E'er kept Miss Catherine in the rain,  
Or turned her out of door.

Then all would seek with smiles to draw  
Some smilings from her face ;  
She smiled for every smile she saw,  
With a most winning grace.

But since her reason's overthrow,  
None with a smile can greet ;  
Few see her now, and fewer know,  
Since she is crazy Kate.

Yet Katy smiles on all she knows,  
Though they are treated cool ;  
And sees them yet, and speaks, which shows  
That Katy 's not a fool.

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### TALE OF DISTRESS.

The facts which gave rise to the following poem were taken from the New York Mirror, and the lady who communicated them for publication vouches for their authenticity.

Give you out work here ? said a voice  
So lady-like, soft, low,  
That I by instinct, or by choice,  
Looked up, as many do.

A purse for my sweet darling boy,  
I was about to buy,  
A birth day gift, and trifling toy,  
Sacred to memory.

Give you out work here ? modestly  
The lady asked once more,  
To strangers ? no ! was the reply ;  
The lady left the store.

Yet while she turned and walked away,  
The purse is cheap he said ;  
I do not wish it sir, to day,  
Was the reply I made.

I took my parasol and left  
The shop, and merchant too,  
And purse, my darling's birth-day gift,  
This stranger to pursue.

She passing Thompson's halted then,  
And turned herself about,  
As at a stand, she ventured in,  
But turned there and came out.

Now, for the first, I saw her face,  
And it was pale indeed !  
Her hair, as black as night, did grace  
In parted locks, her head.

Her eye was very black beside,  
Wildness was in them too,  
Which made me shudder as I eyed  
The passing stranger through.

She passed from Broadway to Grand street ;  
A dwelling wretched there



She entered in ; I paused, is 't fit  
That I should follow her ?

She evident was suff'ring much ;  
For none assistance lends ;  
While I was rich, how blest ! in such  
As husband, children, friends.

I knocked, a woman did appear,  
Who was cross looking too ;  
I asked if any one lived there  
Plain sewing that could do.

She made reply, I guess there aint,  
No woman that does sew ;  
Up stairs lived one that did, but can't  
No more get for to do.

Saying, to morrow out of door  
The woman I shall turn.  
If heart she had, yet for the poor  
And sick it ne'er did burn.

Let me go up, said I, do let,  
And shud'ring passed her by ;  
You can keep on to the garret,  
She screamed out after me.

And so I did, and saw a sight  
Which I ne'er dreamed before ;  
For affluent, I thought none might  
So wretched be, and poor !

The lady had thrown off her hat,  
And the bed low and poor  
All sainted-like was kneeling at ;  
I saw her through the door.

Her hair it all had fallen down,  
And shoulders covered o'er ;  
She sobbed not, breathed not, more than one  
Bereft of sense and power.

Her face was buried in the bed,  
And she was motionless ;  
And on it her sick husband laid,  
The image of distress.

I looked upon the sleeper there,  
His forehead pale and high ;  
The masses of his damp brown hair,  
And his deep sunken eye.

As his pale hand clenched to the clothes,  
Words from his lips broke low ;

He said, was dreaming, I suppose,  
I cannot pay you now.

Poor fellow ! even in his sleep  
His poverty did haunt ;  
And at the door I could not keep  
Myself, who knew no want.

Then I rapped gently on the door ;  
Her head the lady raised,  
Threw back her long black silken hair,  
And on me mildly gazed.

For ceremony 'twas no time,  
When want, grief, and distress,  
Perhaps starvation pressed the claim  
Of all my tenderness.

A person plain work for to do  
I am in search to day,  
I said, and was affected so  
That I no more could say.

O, give it me ! she sobbed, two days  
We have not tasted food ;  
To morrow our landlady says,  
But choked—I understood ;

She gasped before the sentence's end,  
    To finish it she tried ;  
To morrow homeless, nor a friend,  
    Starving and sick beside.

Be comforted ; for you no more  
    Shall want. I kept my word ;  
I ne'er forgot those worthy poor,  
    But made my pledges good.

To me she all soon pleased to tell,  
    And happy days were some,  
In her own mild West Indian Isle,  
    Where was her childhood's home.

She spoke of father, mother, there,  
    Of cruel sister too,  
And sister's husband ; left all were,  
    One brother to pursue.

She 'd sought him in America,  
    And sought in vain she said,  
But she had found, though far away,  
    A husband in his stead.

He too, an Englishman by birth,  
    A scholar, gentleman,

Was like herself, alone on earth,  
A solitary man.

By sympathy they first were moved,  
It deepened and they loved ;  
Their minds were fixed, they married,  
And their intentions proved.

Employment in school he had,  
Gave close attention there ;  
His walks were long, his duties hard,  
And scanty was his fare.

These all on him ill health had brought,  
Confined him to his bed ;  
Plain sewing was the work she sought,  
The business that she led.

The shop where she did work obtain,  
Had failed, and she had spent  
Long weary days and days to gain  
Herself employment.

Many they had no work to give,  
Others to strangers none ;  
Thus were they when to give relief  
And comfort them, I found.

Placing the hand of his poor wife  
In mine the husband died ;  
One mute, appealing look he gave ;  
'Twas last and all he tried.

I took her to my happy home ;  
Alas ! it was too late ;  
Disease confirmed had on her come,  
And sealed the lady's fate.

One morning to her room I went,  
But a short time ago ;  
And restless was the night she spent,  
For she was haunted so.

She dreamed of her dear George, she said ;  
Called me her only friend ;  
And begged me sit beside her bed ;  
She seemed as near her end.

She looked so sadly in my face,  
I thought my heart would break ;  
I ne'er again forsook the place,  
She sleeping or awake.

In the deep stillness of the night,  
I heard her murmuring say,



Dear sister Ann, do not speak quite  
So harshly unto me.

Why do you leave me, oh ! mamma !  
And then again she said,  
Give me an orange, my sister ;  
I 'm very faint, indeed.

In her own sweet sunny bower,  
Her soul had flown again ;  
And so in sleep she murmured o'er  
Mere visions of her brain.

Me by my George, Oh will you lay !  
And God will bless the deed,  
Were the last words I heard her say ;  
And with George she was laid.

Should any ever at your door,  
Plain sewing make request ;  
Beware ! for you may wound a poor  
But noble, generous breast.

## THE DREAM OF WASHINGTON.

I dreamt one night, and though 'twas but a dream,  
Nothing awake did e'er more natural seem ;  
    Columbia's favored son,  
    Immortal Washington,  
In visions of the night I thought I saw ;  
    Majestic, tall was he,  
    His face had gravity,  
And smiled serene, 'twas any thing but war.

Large was the concourse dreamed I, that looked on  
The chieftain, statesman and the favored son :  
    And they feigned for to smile,  
    Yet their tears the while,  
Kept stealing from every face not a few ;  
    While around him they stood  
    In a half weeping mood,  
For his smile and his last parting adieu.

And taller much he seemed to be, than all  
That stood around, I thought 'twas in a hall ;  
    And as by instinct they,  
    I seemed as plain as day,  
Thought best unto the Hudson's banks to go ;  
    Where they could have a view ;  
    And he bid them adieu ;  
Yet no one spoke, that I should have dreamed so.

When this suggestion first they had received,  
I turned me round and scarce my eyes believed ;  
    The trees were bowing there,  
    All living green and fair ;  
With burnished tops were dancing to the breeze.  
    The stream with emotion  
    Hove, swelled like the ocean ;  
And hills turned mountains and nodded to please,

There was a vessel, small one, lying there,  
That destined was our Washington to bear ;  
    From twenty tons, not more,  
    It swelled a seventy-four,  
And proudly to the wind its banner streamed.  
    Just as he was to board,  
    Perhaps because I snored,  
I woke and found that I had only dreamed.

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### THERE'S BEAUTY.

FOR A PIOUS YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

There's beauty in the melting eye,  
    There's beauty in the tear ;  
There's beauty in a soft reply,  
    And in a listening ear.

There's beauty in a blooming cheek,  
There's beauty in the hair ;  
There's beauty too in manners meek ;  
There's beauty more in prayer.

Should the first seven together meet,  
To grace one damsel fair ;  
Who would not call her lovely, sweet ?  
When grace besides was there.

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### MODERN CRITICS.

Could any poet to perfection write,  
Of modern critics sure few would unite ;  
But each contend, though perfect in its kind,  
It answered not the image in their mind ;  
Each like a guide-board something have to say ;  
Each points his own, but all a different way ;  
One says take this course, one take that, be sure !  
The third, a third course, and the fourth a newer.  
The fifth will agree all the ways are good,  
But his is best, and easiest understood.  
Whoe'er expects such critics he can please,  
May look for corn raised from his apple trees ;

Or eggs from acorns if perchance he sow 'em ;  
From pumpkins, critics, if he will but hoe 'em.  
Critics ! be sure, I owe no one a grudge,  
Fit as one half the modern ones to judge ;  
These critics oft are made at common schools,  
Where some are something made, and some made fools.  
For these, a few years' winter schooling fits  
Them all for critics, business, fools, or wits.  
While the more wise are thankful if they can  
Acquire the knowledge needful for a man,  
These would be doctors, and the world would shock  
With knowledge of their Latin hic hec hoc ;  
Speak of diseases which they never read,  
And cure as sure as they had killed the dead.  
Science despise they, think there is no need  
Whom nature teaches should spend time to read ;  
And those who study and who think the most,  
They fear and shun them as they would a ghost ;  
Of all physicians think they are most wise,  
And so of right they all may criticise.  
Of the more learned how many do agree ?  
Count the whole alphabet from a to z ;  
From a to z how many are there who  
To cure the sick, the self same course pursue ?  
How many are there, though they all be wise,  
The same disease with the same name baptize ?  
To cure a patient one might manage well ;  
Let all prescribe, they will the patient kill.

The pulpit too wholly cannot escape ;  
Divines they would be, and divines they ape.  
They pass their judgment on the learned in knowledge,  
Call them divines, such as are made at College,  
Who to kill time go there and learn to hook  
Sermons selected from some doctor's book.  
They preach for money, yea they read 'tis said,  
And make it traffic, as the merchants trade ;  
For as they loose them 'tis not strange at all ;  
Since the most money makes the greatest call.  
They claim to be inspired, and without notes  
Preach Bible, say they, ignorant as shoats !  
Without a system and without a plan  
Tell us the Saviour 'was an oyster man.'  
From such divines he who instruction gains,  
Is sure to reap his labor for his pains.  
But take divines more learned as they rise ;  
They see diverse, though many good and wise.  
One is a churchman, and he reads his prayer,  
One a dissenter, and one is a friar ;  
One 's orthodox, one 's Arminian too ;  
One has a quaker, one a baptist view.  
All hope for Heaven, but all with different eyes  
See their way best, so others criticise.

Some for the law have thought their talents fit,  
Whom nature made much more a fool than wit ;  
These would a short time only spend to gain



What makes the wise more meek the coxcomb vain.  
They are like little ships that near the shore  
Had rather keep, while larger venture more ;  
For water deep they have a perfect dread,  
Since the more shallow suits the shallow head ;  
Still in all science would be thought profound,  
As the most learned with college honors crowned.  
The ancient author and the modern sage,  
They know them all ; yes know their title page ;  
But studied through them ! I'd believe as soon,  
With Gulliver they 'd travelled to the moon.  
They'd read enough to make a legal quack,  
To dupe the simple and to skin the slack ;  
Talk technical, to be polite and civil,  
And by the ears set men to serve the devil.  
Eternal justice is a law, a rod,  
From Heaven descended, and its author God ;  
Its civil object doubtless to secure  
The rights of all, and equal rights procure ;  
But equal rights with them is like a book  
They 've heard of only, and if read forsook ;  
Justice with them is out of fashion quite ;  
To get the money is their equal right.  
They love this newer fashion, good round fees !  
As bees suck honey, so the clients these.  
While money lasts your case is good and sure ;  
But money gone your case is bad and poor.  
If these a conscience have, 'tis apt to be  
Locked in their pocket, subject to the key

Which plaintiff or defendant without fuss  
Locks and unlocks, who has the longest purse.  
These are a class that love to criticise,  
And pick our pockets, characters, and eyes.  
Take the best lawyers, who of them agree  
On points of law and moral equity ?  
Economy political what two  
See just alike ? if any, where, and who ?  
Go to our Congress, where they make our laws,  
As tools the smiths make, and as full of flaws,  
What bill can pass but passes through the fire  
Of hot discussion and conflicting ire ?  
What law doth pass but some would crush to death  
With angry surges, and with whirlwind breath ?  
Laws that they make they hammer o'er and o'er ;  
To stop one hole they make a dozen more.  
Their minds are these, no more as I conclude,  
The minds of a great babbling multitude.  
Since when the people to their man shall say  
This is our mind, their mind is to obey.

Another class there is I will but hint,  
'Tis not the type, nor paper, nor the print,  
Who of all others in conceit are wise,  
For they all others freely criticise.  
These make men learned, ignorant or brave,  
To govern wise, be servant, or enslave ;  
These make our statesmen, as the joiner tools ;  
Make blockheads wise men, and make wise men fools.

Their blast at once the fiat of our fate  
Would seal as dotards, or as wise and great.  
They pass their judgment and it must be so ;  
They are so wise ! why ! sure the prints must know.  
But so it turns, these prints are not agreed ;  
As one those see not, nor as one these read ;  
These prints are paper, and by type are pressed ;  
By those nor learned, nor wiser than the rest.  
But this I'd pardon if they would forsooth,  
Like honest men stick closer to the truth.  
Then we might get the worth of what we pay,  
Receive as truth and credit, what they say.  
But some of these with money we can buy,  
To tell us truth ; and can we not to lie ?  
Still there are some as pure as guinea gold ;  
You cannot buy them, neither are they sold.  
These are high minded, truth for its own sake,  
A noble motto ! these their motto make.  
Yet these like others may be led astray,  
Wide from the truth, and who is there but may ?  
Yet when they see, are willing to admit,  
Their faults acknowledge, and their errors quit.  
Of all I've mentioned, all this poem through,  
Who will believe me ? few, but very few ;  
Or if they do, will grudgingly admit,  
As I knew always, and I know it yet.  
If it is so, what poet can them please ?  
All see diverse and so the poet sees.  
In writing as in beauty without doubt,

What pleases one will not another suit.  
Then let those who would others criticise,  
See well to it, they have not jaundiced eyes.

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## ODE ON TIME, NO. 2.

Time ! how indefinite art thou !  
How paradoxical !  
The past is gone, the present now  
Becomes the past withal ;  
E'en when we would define it try,  
It like the lightnings play  
Exists, then in Eternity,  
Is instantly away.

Thou measurer, immeasurable ;  
Discloser, undisclosed,  
Of all which were, or that shall be,  
That is, or is proposed.  
Like space, incomprehensible,  
For thou art limitless ;  
And more so still, if possible,  
Could limits thou possess.

Than is the Nile, thy origin  
Is more obscure to find ;

More than the Niger too, has been  
Thy termination blind.  
The swiftest torrent like thee brings  
Drops rushing to the main ;  
Thou lendest pleasure lightning wings,  
But leaden feet to pain.

To hope thou lendest too a curb,  
Enjoyment a spur ;  
The charms of beauty thou dost rob,  
Their picture to give to ;  
To merit thou a monument  
Buildest both broad and high ;  
But seldom thou a home hast lent  
Till famished merit die.

Of falsehood thou the flatterer,  
Transient, deceitful, though ;  
Of truth a final friend art thou,  
Tried, and acknowledged true.  
Of robbers thou most subtle art,  
Yet most insatiable :  
For seeming not to take a part,  
In fine thou takest all.

And nothing can thee satisfy,  
Till thou hast from us stole

The world itself, and subtilely  
Stole us too from the world.  
Thou constant fliest, yet thy flight  
All things dost overcome ;  
And though the present ally, yet  
Will furnish death a tomb.

Thou to the wise art counsellor,  
To fools corrector brave,  
Ambition too, thou dost inter,  
To hope a cradle leave.  
Thy warning voice Cassandra like  
Sages discredit do ;  
While the most simple and most weak  
Too late discredit too.

Thee, wisdom ever walks before ;  
Repentance walks behind ;  
He, least his enemies may fear,  
Who makes thee most his friend.  
He, who an enemy of thee  
Has made, may sure depend  
He cannot, in all charity,  
Have much hope from his friend.

'Tis midnight ! for the clock strikes one,  
'Tis ever at its work ;



This chronicler of time works on,  
 This busy, busy clock.  
 Strike on, till time grown old shall die,  
 Thin locked and wrinkled too ;  
 And hastening to eternity,  
 Its last, last sand shall go.

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#### ACROSTIC ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our hearts to thee, O ! thou eternal one !  
 Father, of all in every age we raise ;  
 Which sitest on thy everlasting throne,  
 Art praised by angels, give us hearts to praise.

In humble gratitude we would adore,  
 Heaven's righteous King, such blessings he hath sent ;  
 Hallowed thou art, and such we would implore ;  
 Be merciful, and lead us to repent.

Thy name in heaven is hallowed, so on earth,  
 Name, Jesus only, all the saints approve ;  
 Thy kingdom come, they pray in every breath ;  
 Kingdom, such as the angels have above.

Come in thy glory and thy power to save,  
 Thy children all with holy fervor fire ;

Will thou fulfil the promises we have ;  
Be all our hope, and bring thy pledges nigher.

Done with all earthly things, all earthly toys,  
On thee we look, and raise our hearts above,  
Earth with her fleeting vanities destroys,  
As more we have the taste of Heavenly love.

It is the business of the saints above,  
Is their employment thy commands to do ;  
In Heaven they praise thee ; all their strife is love :  
Heaven be my witness if it is not so.

Give as thou canst, for we are poor indeed,  
Us blessings, such as thou canst well afford ;  
This present day, and constantly we need,  
Day after day the blessings thou hast stored.

Our blessings are thy charities bestowed ;  
Daily we have them as our needs require,  
Bread, clothing, mental, all have freely flowed,  
And more, with gratitude our hearts to fire.

Forgive us, Lord ! we nothing have to pay,  
Us who are debtors, beggars too beside ;  
Our debts increase with every coming day,  
Debts that must humble every mortal's pride.

As we would too by others be forgiven,  
We who have lived upon thy matchless grace,  
Forgive we would in humble hope of Heaven  
Our debtors all, and all their debts efface.

Debtors to us are debtors but to Thee ;  
Lead and watch o'er us, Shepherd of the fold !  
Us would thou call the sheep ; such would we be,  
Not one of such has Satan ever stole.

Into perdition who has ever fell,  
Temptation did not lead him first astray ?  
But Jesus gladly would have broke the spell ;  
Deliver us, thou Shepherd of the way !

Us he has warned, and cautioned to beware  
From outward sins, and inward that assault ;  
Evil communications that ensnare ;  
For all these evils every soul hath felt.

Thine, all is thine in earth and Heaven too,  
Is and was made thy glory to display ;  
The creature should, when things of nature do,  
Kingdom and nations every soul obey.

And only those of all creation hath  
The right to rule and wear the crown alone ;  
Power owes to thee its origin and breath  
And only thou of right should wear the crown.

The glory too wholly to thee belongs ;  
    Glory, such glory as the angels raise,  
Forever, ever, on immortal tongues ;  
    Amen ! with angels let us join in praise.

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### UNWRITTEN POETRY.

There is unwritten poetry  
    That never was expressed,  
That fills the mind with ecstasy,  
    And fires the human breast ;  
Which like enchantments of the soul  
    That come with silken strings,  
Doth fast with cords of love control  
    The heart's imaginings.

Many who ne'er in Tempa's vale  
    Hath sat, or Venus' bower,  
Or by poetic rules a tale  
    Hath written of their power,  
Hath had those feelings ne'er expressed,  
    And fully cannot be,  
More than could his with sin oppressed,  
    Whom God has just set free.

They have them when the morning sun  
In majesty serene  
Rises and peers majestic on ;  
And throws his golden sheen  
And gilds the topmost of the trees  
Upon the mountain's height ;  
Bending an ocean to the breeze  
Of pure and burnished light.

They have those feelings when above  
High towering on his way,  
His rays of light and heat and love  
Dispel and dry away  
The tear-drops of the misty night,  
And vapors cold and chill  
As those that tremble in the sight,  
Or stand on death's brow still.

Or when descending in the west,  
His gentle mantle throws  
Of faded light on Nature's breast,  
And hushes to repose,  
As a fond parent worn with care,  
No more his vigil keeps,  
Calling some bright eyes sparkling there,  
To watch while nature sleeps.

There's poetry in scenes like these  
Felt better than expressed,

Though some know not the mysteries,  
They are no less the blest,  
Because in rhyme they ne'er rehearse  
The beauties that they see,  
Or paint in nicely measured verse,  
Their charms in poesy.

And when the sun is gone to rest,  
They have those feelings while  
The hidden moon just shows her crest,  
As though she would conceal  
In modesty her smiling face  
From the full gaze of men,  
Or as a veil some cloud would place  
To screen her from their ken.

They have those feelings when they gaze  
In the still hour of even,  
Upon unnumbered stars that blaze  
Like diamonds in Heaven.  
And when they think that all they see  
Is but a speck, no more,  
To worlds unnumbered there may be,  
They wonder and adore.

There's feeling they cannot express  
When in the warmth of May,  
Spring comes all clad in wedding dress  
Of living green and gay,



With wreaths of thousand fragrant flower,  
As savory and rare  
As ever graced fair Eden's bower,  
Or spiced Arabian air.

When nature's minstrels of the wood  
Chant sweetest melody,  
The fish unprisoned from the flood,  
Leap forth at liberty,  
And frolic in their wat'ry world,  
And play upon its breast ;  
As winter's icy arms unfold,  
And spring has onward pressed.

How many have, when clouds have lowered  
Mountain on mountains high,  
And lightnings flashed and thunders poured  
Their volleys through the sky,  
Thought of the elements of war !  
And gazed with anxious eye  
To see the flash and hear the roar  
Of Heaven's artillery.

And when they saw the clouds retire  
Far from the battle scene,  
And all was still and calm and clear  
As it before had been,  
The rainbow's folds hung on the sky,  
Stretched out like a golden fleece,

All radiant in Heaven's dye ;  
Have they not thought of peace ?

Have they not thought of Paradise,  
Where sainted spirits rest,  
In full fruition, freed from vice ?  
When all the earth is blest  
With the rich harvest of the year,  
That all our wants supply ;  
The golden apple, plum, and pear,  
The wheat, and corn, and rye ;

And grass, a burthen, that pays well,  
The mower's toil and care,  
Sending an inexpressive smell  
Delicious through the air ;  
The milk and honey, food of Heaven,  
The heavy clustered vine,  
The luscious peach, and grape that's given,  
As elements of wine.

Have they not thought of angels too,  
When they have seen appear  
A sylph-like form of cherub view,  
Tripping as light as air,  
With tresses flowing to the wind,  
And, like the sky, an eye.  
That spoke all purity of mind,  
And lips of coral dye.

And blooming cheek and amber skin,  
And teeth of pearly white ;  
And smiles that read of heaven within,  
And that the heart was right ;  
And form no artist could improve  
But such as would inspire,  
Have they not felt strange feelings move  
Their hearts when such appear ?

Have they not thought of waning years,  
When autumn cold and chill  
Comes in her turn, and nature wears  
The frost of age, and ill,  
Like him who is with years oppressed,  
Looks drooping with disease ?  
A mantle covers o'er its breast,  
The garb of leafless trees.

When winter comes with snowy fleece  
And cold and searching breath,  
Do they not think of their disease,  
And icy arms of death ?  
Yet when the Spring comes on apace,  
New life to nature 's given,  
Do they not think from death's embrace  
They 'll rise and live in Heaven ?

## THE CONTRAST.

How mild is the moonlight  
That shines on the ocean !  
How calm, when no winds blow,  
And hushed its commotion !  
On the ocean how sweet  
Are the strains of the lute,  
Or the clarinet's tone,  
Or a sweet German flute.  
    Oh ! sweet is the eve  
    On a mild summer ocean,  
    But sweeter the place  
    Of my loved one's devotion.

How sweet is the soft spray  
That just kisses the shore !  
How pearly are the drops  
From the ripple broke o'er !  
How lovely the sea-birds  
On its breast as they play !  
Whose wings cut the fluid,  
As they sport on their way.  
    Sweet is such a scene  
    On the breast of the ocean,  
    But sweeter the place  
    Of my loved one's devotion.

How sweet is the morning  
Of a May smiling day !

When the lark mounts the air  
With an orison lay ;  
Oh ! gentle the dew-drops  
Of a mild evening hour,  
That weep on the rose buds  
And amaranth bower !

Oh ! sweet such an eve  
With a gentle dew lotion,  
But sweeter the place  
Of my loved one's devotion.

And how sweet is the place  
Of the violet blue !  
How pure looks the lily,  
Scarce exposed to our view ;  
How fragrant the odor,  
From roses and spices,  
When soft breathes the wind ;  
The perfume that rises,

How sweet such a thought !  
How dear the emotion !  
But sweeter the place  
Of my loved one's devotion.

## MOSES THE PATRIARCH.

They feared the wrath of Egypt's cruel king,  
For he had ordered that the Hebrew child,  
Were it a male, when born should suffer death,  
So for three months secure in their own house  
They kept their offspring, long as they could dare.  
He was a lovely boy.

Then, with hearts wrung  
With deepest anguish, they took up the child,  
Who like a lamb that sees not the hand raised  
To give the fatal blow, looked in their face,  
As though that they fond dalliance would hold,  
And with the ringlets of his golden hair  
Would sport as they were wont, and put a kiss,  
Warm as a parent's heart, upon his lips,  
That were as red as ruby.

And they sighed  
And wept like children, as their cherub child,  
They gave a warm embrace, and as they thought  
The last; and as their tears full freely flowed  
In scalding drops upon their Innocent,  
As they consigned him to his little ark  
Of rushes formed; how fondly looked the child,  
Upon its parent's agonizing face!  
And smiled, how sweetly!

And they cast him then  
Among the rushes on the river's brink,  
With aching hearts; and while they hoped that he  
Might yet escape unharmed, from Pharaoh's search;



And some kind providential hand preserve,  
They gave him up to God.

In this 'twas well ;

For on the babe God looked with deep intent,  
The precious promise to fulfil in him,  
That when the father and the mother both  
Their child forsake that he would take them up,  
For he had purposed through this cast-away,  
Deliverance to Israel should come.

Oh, God ! how wondrous are thy ways, how deep,  
And yet how holy thy designs !  
Thy unseen hand leads Phar'oh's daughter, where  
The little prisoner lay among the rush ;  
Her eye was fixed upon a something there ;  
She wist not what it was, and sent a maid  
To bring it unto her.

It was an ark,  
Pitched o'er to make it tight, and there appeared  
Upon one side, something like to a door,  
Which like the rest, itself was made secure  
To the unknown, that there might be within  
This little prisoner.

She the door removed,  
With her own lily hand, and anxious, gazed  
To see the treasure hid.

And lo ! she saw  
Therein a darling babe, and as it looked  
Upon the stranger-form, it sighed and wept,  
And fixed a wistful gaze upon her face ;

Oh, how imploring !

What could it more ?

It was an arrow to the maiden's heart ;  
And wrung compassion from that tender breast,  
Unused to scenes like these.

And as she gazed,  
She felt assured he was a Hebrew child,  
He looked so lovely !

So she ordered called  
A Hebrew woman, who the child would nurse ;  
And paid her wages for a nurse's care ;  
She claimed him as her treasure, as her child,  
And called him Moses, from the water drawn ;  
God knew his name before.

And who should come,  
But that same woman, for to nurse the child,  
Who to the elements her own had cast !  
And whose heart yet is bleeding with the wound,  
In bitter anguish that her child had made ;  
He was his mother's boy.

And as she went,  
They placed the infant grieving in her arms ;  
Nor knew it was her own.

She clasped the babe !  
And with emotions mothers only know,  
And with a forethought mothers only have,  
Never for once by either joy or fear,  
Betrayed herself the mother of the boy ;  
For lo ! it was her child.

Thus God doth work ;  
The wrath of man he makes to praise his name ;  
The residue restrains.

And he grew up  
Beneath his mother's care, and wisdom too,  
Seemed to select him for her favorite ;  
And shower on him her blessings, with a hand  
Almost too prodigal.

For when a boy,  
He reasoned with his king, as when a boy  
The Savior reasoned at Jerusalem ;  
No one his arguments could controvert ;  
He was the type of Christ.

And for his tribe,  
He had most tender feelings, when he saw  
The sore oppressions that they underwent,  
And daily their increase of servitude  
In Egypt's bondage.

So at Horeb's mount,  
As o'er the flocks of Jethro he did watch,  
Jethro, the father of his lovely wife,  
For he was married in a stranger land ;  
God called to him from out a flame of fire ;  
E'en by his name as a familiar friend,  
He used an angel's voice.

Lord, here am I,  
He said, and as the voice spoke from the fire,  
To draw not nigh, but to put off his shoes,  
For it was holy ground, he hid his face ;  
For who can look on God ?

Then said the voice,  
 I am thy father's God, and Abraham's ;  
 The God of Isaac and of Jacob too ;  
 And the afflictions of thy people seen,  
 And heard their cry, by reason of their task ;  
 And am come down for their deliverance ;  
 To bring them to a land both good and large ;  
 A land of milk and honey.

Moses, go

To Egypt, go, and Pharoh entreat ;  
 Beseech him he may let thy people go ;  
 I go with thee, and if thy people ask  
 The name of him who sent thee unto them ;  
 Tell them my name is, I am that I am ;  
 I am the Hebrew's God.

Thus shall thou say ;

Thy Father's God, the God of Abraham,  
 The God of Isaac and of Jacob too,  
 Hath sent thee unto them.

Hast thou a doubt ;

They will be faithless, thou art sent of me !  
 Cast to the ground the rod that thou dost hold ;  
 A serpent it shall crawl, put forth thy hand,  
 Lay hold its tail, it shall become a rod ;  
 Thrust in thy bosom, and take out thy hand,  
 Leprous it shall appear ; and then again  
 Thrust in thy hand, and from thy bosom draw,  
 It shall look natural.

Still if they doubt,

Pour on dry ground, pure water from the stream,

And it shall turn to blood.

Moses obeyed ;

And God before him wrought such miracles,  
 As was a pledge that he would go with him ;  
 And thus endowed with signs miraculous,  
 To Egypt, from whence he had fled, he went ;  
 Firm in the faith that God would be with him,  
 And with a mighty hand and outstretched arm,  
 Deliverance to Israel would bring ;  
 God is the God of Israel.

He went,

Commissioned as the first Immanuel ;  
 The Hebrew's Savior, and appointed guide,  
 To lead them forth from Egypt's servitude ;  
 From Egypt's idols and idolatry,  
 Into a land where they could worship God :  
 God was not worshiped there.

And so by plagues

Of frogs, and lice, and flies, murrain and blains,  
 And hail, and locusts, and a thick darkness,  
 Such even as was never known before,  
 Nor since ; a darkness such as could be felt,  
 And to this day a proverb still remains ;  
 We say as dark as Egypt.

And by death

Of every infant throughout all the land,  
 That was Egyptian born, preserving those  
 That were of Hebrew birth, they were at last  
 Thrust out by Pharaoh.

Moses rejoiced,

And kept the day of this last judgment just,  
When God passed over every Hebrew child,  
But the Egyptians slew in every house,  
In after years throughout all Israel.  
And to this day in memory of this,  
The passover is kept ; for over them  
God passed, but passed in mercy.

Onward then

From Egypt to the unknown land they moved ;  
God went before them in a cloud by day,  
And pillar of fire by night.

And a way

They wist not of, he led the multitude,  
E'en by the Red Sea's wilderness he led,  
A host unnumbered.

Pharaoh pursued

Moses, the meekest of all men e'en here,  
And all the tribe of Israel with him,  
In hopes to force them back.

Mountains there

On either side were piled, and he himself,  
And all his host were pressing on their rear ;  
Before them was the sea.

The people gazed,

And felt that all was gone.

Moses alone

Of all the tribe stood firm and undismayed,  
For God was in this wilderness with him,  
To hear his prayer, and answer speedily.  
Stand still, said he, and see the power of God



On Pharaoh and the Egyptian host,  
Whom ye shall see no more.

He raised his rod,  
And on the water smote, the sea obeyed,  
And piled itself on either side, in walls,  
A road creating dry and passable,  
Through which they might escape.

Onward they went,  
Into the Red Sea's midst, all Israel ;  
And in a thick cloud, God was with them there,  
To cover their retreat from Egypt's host,  
Moving in awful majesty.

Onward  
The host of Egypt pressed upon their rear  
To close in combat, as unequal quite,  
As Satan's and his fallen angel's was,  
When they rebelled in Heaven with black design,  
To thwart omnipotence and pluck the crown  
From off their Maker's head.

The Hebrews safe  
On Jordan's farther bank, a voice then said  
From out the cloud that on them smiled serene,  
Moses ! extend thy rod and smite the sea.  
'Twas done, back rushed the flood of waters piled  
That formed a way for Moses and his tribe ;  
But for Pharaoh and his host, a grave ;  
Who can contend with God ?

They travelled on,  
With faces bent on Canaan's fair land ;  
As is the Christian pilgrim's face on Heaven ;

And as the pure in heart, will enter there,  
Such of the Hebrews entered Canaan ;  
It is the type of Heaven.

They asked for bread.

As Christians hunger for the bread of life,  
So hungered they for that which which perisheth.  
God sent them manna, that they had no lack,  
Spread over all their camp like gentle dew,  
Gathered at early morn.

But they are dead ;  
The bread that Christ doth give, who eat  
Shall never taste of death.

He gave them quails  
For meat, or drink gave Marah's bitter floods,  
But first he made them sweet.

They thirsted still ;  
Not so that saint that of the water drinks,  
That gushes forth beneath the throne of God ;  
They thirst no more ; for in them is a well  
Of water, that to life eternal springs.  
Christ is the fountain pure ; to Christians' taste,  
Sweeter than honey, far.

They still had thirst ;  
As on they wended through the wilderness  
Which shadows forth to man, a world of sin,  
And they were near to perish there withal ;  
And cried to Moses, as we would to Christ,  
When near to perish for his living streams,  
For water, water still !

He gave it them ;

He was their Savior, was the Hebrew's Christ,  
Still he was neither but in temporals ;  
Yet God was with him, as in Christ he was ;  
Him some obeyed, some in him put their trust,  
And such as did, were led to Canaan ;  
Such only entered there.

Such, Christ doth save ;  
And only such as are obedient.  
These He will guide to Canaan in Heaven,  
Where he hath gone before.

But in one act,  
The type was broke, that Christ should shadow forth  
To show mankind that mortal man will err.  
Moses offended God ; he smote the rock !  
When, had he spoke, the water would gushed forth  
Freely as at the rock of Rephidim ;  
For this offence, he strictly was denied  
The promised land which he might see afar ;  
The rock he smote was Christ.

The thirsty there  
Drank of this fountain pure, which typified  
The gospel's blessings now ; and all who thirst  
Have only for to ask, and shall receive ;  
For Christ once smitten they should smite no more,  
But ask in faith.

Thus Moses led them on ;  
Counselled of God ; to him God gave his laws ;  
Such laws as human wisdom ne'er devised ;  
By his own finger written on the mount,  
As fire and smoke, and lightnings too, appeared,

And earthquake thunders shook the trembling ground.

Type of Christ ;

Laws, upon which our civil codes are framed,  
Through Moses given to the christian world,  
By him made honorable, and magnified.

What Moses leads us now ? none ! none !

Moses,

Alone of all the world, for forty years,  
Held converse with his God, his face unseen ;  
For none could see and live.

The time drew near,

He must be gathered to his father-land ;  
This God had told him plainly to his face.  
In battles fought they were victorious ;  
Scattered the nations, as the wind would chaff ;  
And felled them as the mower would his grass ;  
For God was with them, and had brought them on  
Near to the borders of the promised land.  
And Moses now had strugglings of his soul,  
And prayed his God that he might Jordan pass,  
And tread the land that was so large and wide ;  
Of milk and honey, typical of Heaven.  
This God denied.

But climb to Pisgah's top ;

The land thou canst not enter, view it there !  
Said the omnific word.

Moses went forth,

And in the ear of Israel he spoke ;  
I am one hundred years and twenty old,  
I feel infirmities, and God hath said,

For one offence, I shall not Jordan pass,  
But Joshua shall go and lead thee o'er ;  
Ye shall inherit all the promised land,  
E'en to the borders of Euphrates' stream ;  
Be brave, be steadfast in God's word.

He turned

To Joshua, he gave a solemn charge ;  
Be strong, and of good courage ; God with thee  
Will lead this people Jordan safely o'er.  
For their possession give to them the land  
He promised to their fathers he would give,  
For their inheritance.

Teach them God's fear ;

And those commands to keep, his finger wrote,  
And wisdom did suggest, consigned to me,  
On Sinai's burning mount.

He took the rod,

And gave to Joshua ; it may be called  
Of God Almighty's power.

And then his way

Up Nebo's mountain into Pisgah's top,  
That is opposed to Jericho, he bore,  
There once for all to view the promised land ;  
His tribe might enter ; but he was forbid  
For one offence to step his foot upon ;  
So strict, so just was God !

He stood erect !

And from the mountain's elevated peak,  
His undimmed vision stretched he far away ;  
And gazed intent upon the regions fair,

He fondly hoped once that he might embrace,  
With feelings such as would a bridegroom have  
When all he loved he might but look upon,  
When all for which he toiled day and night,  
Endured fatigues, and prayed he might possess,  
His theme by day, his visions too by night,  
He might view distant, but must not approach,  
And viewing once was told that he must die,  
And none should be with him.

Thus Moses stood,

And with such feelings gazed he on the land,  
With all the meekness of the meekest man,  
With all contrition, all humility,  
And felt his God was just.

He looked again ;

'Twas his last ling'ring gaze ! and as he turned  
From the fair scenes away his spirits sunk ;  
Pale turned his lips, dim grew his undimmed eyes,  
And thoughts convulsing rent his soul within ;  
He bowed his head and died.

No tombstone there,

Nor kindred friend can tell, nor mortal knows  
Where sleeps that meekest man unto this day,  
For God alone was with him at his death,  
And buried him in Moab's valley there,  
Where sigh the bleak winds dirges o'er his grave  
Like spirits mourning.



## ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, lovely Spring ! I welcome thee,  
Of the revolving year the queen !  
All dressed in nature's royalty,  
Of wreaths and flowers and living green !  
Thy breath is all perfumery ;  
Thy smiles are medicine to me ;  
Thy minstrels sing full merrily,  
And chant their little notes of glee.

As on this cragged root I sit,  
I hear their music through the air ;  
Now some are flying, some are lit,  
How joy attunes their native lyre !  
Oh ! this is nature's harmony,  
And nature's music, sweet to hear ;  
How merrily they welcome thee,  
Thou fairy goddess of the year !

Here is the beautiful cascade ;  
How falls it on the rocks below !  
And on the clefted banks a shade  
Of evergreens that nodding bow  
O'er ragged rocks, by nature here  
Cast as a rampart for to stay  
The rushing waters' wild career,  
Foaming and dashing on its way.

On a huge rock, whose ragged crest  
O'erhangs the waters, foaming by,  
That surge and dash upon its breast,  
One almost branchless tree stands high  
Upon its utmost peak, as if  
Nature had thought this place the best  
To make the rifted tree and cliff  
A home for some bald eagle's nest.

These rocks, and trees, and flowing stream  
Hail thy approach with nature's praise ;  
And on the ploughman's face a beam  
Of joy is read, as round they gaze  
On the green earth and budding tree,  
And feel a blandness in the breath  
Of Heaven, as though all nature free,  
Had sprung to life from seeming death.

The chilling winter's garb of snow  
Retires at thy approach, and all  
The thousand cattle bleat and low  
Thy welcome, loosened from the stall ;  
And lambs thy welcome frolic too,  
As from some rock they leap away,  
Elated with the pleasing view  
Of Spring, all clad in wreaths of May.

The forests wave in native pride,  
Gay with the vestments thou hast given ;

The sun, to thee the near allied,  
Comes burning on his car in Heaven,  
And sends his vigor far away,  
And smiles on thee with warmth anew,  
As thou appearest day by day,  
Approaching with a bridal view.

No snow-capt mountains now appear  
Far as the stretching eye can see,  
Or storm portentous, black and drear,  
Hangs out on Heaven's arched canopy.  
All has a yellow, mellow view ;  
The clouds that float upon the sky  
Appear like robes of angels new  
Dipped in some golden tinsel dye.

Some look like messengers of light,  
On Heaven's cloudy conclave lit,  
With golden wings and visage bright,  
Come from a brighter world to get  
A nearer view of earth's abode ;  
And as they skim the liquid air  
Up the arched blue they soar to God ;  
Vanish from earth and disappear.

The streams alive rush on with speed,  
Rippling their course with silver tint ;  
The sideling hills' green pastures shed  
A landscape view as though they meant

To put their fairest vestments on ;  
 And smiling glad hail thy return  
 From some far region thou wast gone,  
 Thou seasons' queen and bridal one !

Hail, Spring ! thou fairest of the years,  
 All clad in green and wreaths of flowers ;  
 Thy breath is incense, and thy tears  
 Are mellow drops of mild May showers ;  
 Thy kindling feelings mine inspire,  
 And fill my heart with gratitude ;  
 So hastily I've grasped the lyre  
 To sing thy praises as I viewed.

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### TOUCH OF KINDRED TIES.

The American Tale. A fact.

Their marked neglect, and open jeers  
 No longer can I bear to hear ;  
 To night I leave this place where sneers  
 On me are heaped, and tear  
 Myself away ; yes, I must go ;  
 For me cares no one ; why should they ?  
 The poor and penniless ! they know  
 Not e'en my origin they say.

To be thus cast upon the world,  
So friendless, and beloved by none,  
How hard it is ! to me how cold  
Are they ! and then he gave a groan,  
And buried in his hands his face,  
His gushing feelings to suppress.  
While thus he spoke, near to the place  
Stood one that witnessed his distress.

None ? said a syren voice behind ;  
Is there none, Charles, that cares for thee ?  
And on his shoulder laid so kind  
Her snowy hand, as though that she  
His unbelief would fain suppressed.  
He started ; turned around to see ;  
There Helen stood, like him distressed ;  
I spoke, said he, unthinkingly.

Yes, yes, sweet Helen ! pardon me ;  
You love me still ? continued he,  
I do, Charles ; and my father, he—  
Yes, yes, your father still loves me.  
Why will you leave us, Charles, say why ?  
Said Helen with a tender tone.  
The cause, Helen, you know that I  
Of much dissension now have been.

And any longer, God forbid  
The cause of discord I should be,

Your mother and sisters have had  
    Since I've been in your family.  
Respect I for your father had,  
    And, Helen, for my love to you,  
I've borne the treatment as I did ;  
    To bear it longer will not do.

Into the world, in hopes I go,  
    A fortune I may yet acquire,  
And tell me, Helen, if I do  
    And come again, may I aspire ?  
Oh ! I will love you still said she,  
    Him interrupting at aspire ;  
Oh ! Charles, I always shall love thee,  
    Nor other's love shall I desire.

Farewell ! said he, and then a kiss  
    On her sweet rosy lips impressed,  
Then tore him from this scene of bliss,  
    And from the angel he would blessed.  
Another hour, that house he quit,  
    Where he so many years had spent,  
Happy with Helen, hoping yet,  
    And out upon the world he went.

—  
'Twas near the closing of the day  
    Of a mild summer evening, when



A steamboat, at new Orleans lay,  
With crowded decks of stranger men,  
Each eager for to tread once more  
Upon the land, they sallied forth.  
Among the last that stepped on shore  
Was a tall young man from the North.

Valise in hand, with faltering mood,  
Along the wharves he bent his way,  
To shipping houses there that stood,  
'Twas near the closing of the day ;  
He for employment made search,  
But then, alas ! a stranger there,  
To recommend him did not fetch  
Credentials as he should with care.

With cast-down mien, and sorry step,  
All hopes was nearly giving o'er,  
When a large warehouse brought him up,  
In which he had not been before ;  
Into the counting-room walked he ;  
A man of forty took the lead,  
Who sitting there Charles thought might be  
Of the establishment the head.

The youth inquired if he the head  
Of the establishment might be ;  
He made reply, I take the lead,  
What do you wish young man of me ?

Do you a lad want in your store, '  
To do such work as I may do ?  
No recommends sir, brought I o'er,  
Continued he, to offer you.

In a steamboat from the North  
Have just arrived, nor money got,  
Nor friends exertions to put forth,  
And for a lodging change have not.  
The merchant looked incredulous ;  
Charles saw it, and he sunk with fears,  
And said, do not refuse me thus !  
As trickled down his cheek the tears.

Moved was the merchant by his grief,  
And yet convinced, so frank he talked,  
Half doubting first, he gave relief,  
And with the young lad homeward walked.  
A few days proved he told the truth ;  
So pleased the merchant with the lad,  
That he engaged the stranger youth  
For to assist him in his trade.

In course of time he by degrees  
Rose till the head clerk he was made,  
And never weary for to please,  
With his employer still he staid ;  
He by his loveliness became  
The favorite of the family

Of Mr. Thompson, where the same,  
The head clerk still continued he.

As father, mother, sister, they  
All loved him, and he in return  
Loved them, as ardently as may  
One in a thousand, an own son.  
Charles Eliston, although he thought  
That Emma Thompson was as fair  
As his own Helen, still he nought  
But as a sister loved her there.

Five years had passed, he had become  
One of the owners of the store ;  
Where five before he begged a home,  
Friendless, and moneyless, and poor.  
One evening in the family  
Familiar converse there was had,  
And Charles was talking socially,  
Mrs. Thompson eyed him sharp and said,

Charles looks like Emma very much.  
Yes, said her husband, if 't were true,  
Brother and sister really such,  
They could not more than now they do.  
Poor little fellow ! Charles we lost  
Could not more like our Emma be.  
Your Charles ! said Charles, nor knew the worst,  
Had you a Charles ? and when died he ?

Would to my God, that he were dead !  
    Exclaimed Mrs. Thompson with a sigh ;  
Would that to Heaven his flight had sped ;  
    I should feel much more happily ;  
For now if he is still alive,  
    By strangers buffeted may be,  
Whose hardened hearts can seldom have  
    A parent's love or sympathy.

And he was lost then ? Charles inquired ;  
    Yes, Mr. Thompson answering said ;  
Near seventeen years have now expired,  
    Since I and Mary journeyed  
North, that our health we might improve ;  
    Our friends in New York called upon.  
Charles, all the child we then did have,  
    We took with us, a little son.

And there in safety we arrived,  
    And some time with our friends we staid ;  
Then our return for home contrived,  
    When all our visiting was made.  
Anxious to prosecute our way  
    For Philadelphia hastened we,  
And then a steamboat took, that lay  
    There, all in readiness for sea.

I went the baggage to secure ;  
    Mary and Charles without a doubt,

I thought were in the cabin sure,  
Till after we had started out.  
Mark my surprise ! when going down  
My Mary and my Charles to find ;  
Mary was there, I looked around  
For Charles, but he was left behind !

She thought that I had Charles with me ;  
We searched the vessel o'er and o'er ;  
No Charles was found ; she swooned that we  
Had left our little Charles on shore ;  
How harrowing were our thoughts, to find,  
Which felt the worst, I cannot say,  
Betwixt us and our Charles behind,  
Each moment should increase the way !

But then another thought was still  
Quite as distressing as the first,  
That overboard our Charles had fell ;  
And was unseen, drowned and lost.  
For New Orleans I made resolve,  
And soon as we should there have run,  
I, Mary with her friends would leave,  
And hasten back to find my son.

So much my mind was exercised,  
Such the fatigue I underwent,  
That with a fever I was seized ;  
And on the road some months I spent.

When I recovered, and arrived  
In Philadelphia, still no trace  
Of such as Charles, if he survived,  
Could I discover in the place.

And never since those by-gone days,  
Have we heard aught from him, as true ;  
But God has sent us, give him praise !  
A Charles, an only son in you.  
Was there no mark ? asked Charles, that he  
If left behind could have been known,  
As you suppose that he must be,  
That you may still hope for your son.

Yes, 'there were scars on his left wrist,  
Made by a dog's teeth, and he had  
Around his neck, a birth-day gift ;  
A locket that we gave the lad.  
And on the locket was engraved,  
Mrs. Thompson said with heaving sighs,  
The name of Charles, we would have saved,  
As tears came gushing in her eyes.

Then, father ! mother ! Charles replied,  
With arm made bare, as forth he drew  
A locket in his bosom hid,  
Your long lost son has come to you !  
They for an instant stood amazed ;  
This news electric had them shocked ;



A moment they intensely gazed,  
Then in each other's arms were locked.

How different his condition now,  
From that, when he at New Orleans,  
A stranger from the north came to ;  
Without credentials, friends or means.  
Now blessed with parents, sister's love ;  
Rich, and had friends he could command ;  
What Mr. Merton would have gave,  
He now could claim, sweet Helen's hand.

And never would he have denied  
Sweet Helen's hand, had Charles required ;  
Though Helen's sisters busy tried,  
And mother, that he might be jeered.  
The richest merchant's son, as said,  
In New Orleans, the mother would  
Rejoice her daughter now might wed,  
Though the same Charles that she withstood.

Throughout resounded music, mirth ;  
And joy and gladness, reigned within  
The splendid mansion ; 'twas the birth  
Night of sweet Helen ; there had been,  
The youth, the beauty, the elite,  
Asked of the whole metropolis,  
To celebrate her birth-day night ;  
And mingle in the festive bliss.

This on her forehead, white as snow.  
And white complexion rivaling shone.  
The giddy whirlings of the dance,  
When she with life would mingle in,  
On her sweet features then a glance  
Of lovely smiling might be seen.

As soon as the excitement by,  
Expression sorrowful would steal  
Into her lately laughing eye ;  
And those that saw it, could but feel  
That something yet was wanting there,  
To make her happiness complete ;  
Perhaps 'twas Charles, now gone afar  
From Mr. Merton's mansion seat.

Perhaps was thinking how that he  
Who years ago her maiden heart  
Had won, while wealth and luxury  
Surrounded her on every part,  
The prime of life was dragging out  
Afar in poverty, distress.  
Yes, of the friendless youth she thought,  
And gladly she the youth would bless.

And such is woman's constancy ;  
And such the love that Helen had.  
Alas ! that it abused should be,  
Such love as Helen bore the lad.  
Then is it strange that she appeared

So care-worn and should look so sad ?  
When by a thousand ties endeared,  
Severed was all that Helen had !

The evening was some advanced,  
When Mr. Merton Helen neared ;  
Linked arm in arm with one who chanced  
To call upon him as appeared.  
Dark was his countenance, his hair  
Was raven, and his full black eye,  
And tall, straight form bespoke full clear,  
One who had left a southern sky.

Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans,  
I'll introduce you to, my dear,  
Said Mr. Merton ; then begins  
A moment's talk, and leaves them there ;  
And sauntering, to the opposite  
Of the saloon he made his way ;  
Where Mrs. Merton chanced to sit,  
Who saw the manner of his play.

Who is that handsome, tall young man ?  
To Helen you just introduced ;  
Mrs. Merton asked her husband then,  
In seeming admiration lost.  
Why ! that is Mr. Thompson, dear,  
Of New Orleans ; the richest, he,  
Of any merchant that lives there ;  
As once his father used to be.

Two days since he arrived from there ;  
I yesterday was introduced  
To him ; whom I invited here  
To night, an unexpected guest ;  
And if his features are not left  
On Helen's little heart, you see !  
Which of all love has seemed bereft,  
Then I am sure none e'er will be.

I think you will, should it so be, .  
The disappearance cease to mourn,  
Of Eliston, your protege ;  
She said, with a sarcastic turn.  
He simply heard it, that was all ;  
And silent turned from her aside,  
Whose name to mention would him gall,  
As well as gratify her pride.

To Helen, when first introduced,  
A slight embarrassment was seen ;  
But gradually it off was cast,  
And he conversed more lively then.  
As they discoursed, she asked if he  
The city had been in before ;  
He answered that he had ; may be  
Some half a dozen years, or more.

That then acquainted he became,  
With several persons of his years ;  
He highly praised, and mentioned some ;

Charles Eliston he much reveres ;  
His own name mentioning, to find  
If from her bosom was erased ;  
Emotions, which from his own mind  
Nor time, nor distance could effaced.

As he pronounced the name, he bent  
His dark full eye upon her face ;  
She started, like a shock it went,  
That one might sorrow easy trace ;  
He paused a moment, then he said,  
Inquiry as respecting him,  
Since my arrival I have made ;  
And learned what would not proper seem :

That towards his benefactor, he  
Ungrateful was to run away ;  
Your father leaving wilfully,  
And going whither none can say.  
Oh ! sir, do not believe it so ;  
Good reason had he, much to try,  
That from us Charles away should go,  
She trembling said, with swimming eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced,  
And as his partner claimed her hand  
To join the last cotillon danced ;  
Which brought their converse to an end.  
And Charles resigned her silently,  
And eyed her graceful move away,

With heart as full as it could be,  
To dance the last dance of the day.

From youth to manhood it is strange,  
The form not only, but the face,  
A few years lapse so much will change,  
That youth in manhood few can trace.  
And with Charles Thompson it was so ;  
Then why should Helen, in the youth,  
Or Helen's father ever know  
Charles? the rich merchant of the south.

'Twas morning following the ball,  
And Mr. and Mrs. Merton too,  
And Helen in the parlor, all  
Were sitting, as they used to do.  
Private affairs discussing on,  
The first two were engaged about ;  
Helen, her head had leaned upon  
Her hand, as seemed, in deepest thought.

The servant entered at the door,  
A letter Mr. Merton gave,  
He opened and perused it o'er ;  
With joy exclaimed, such news to have.  
As his companions looked at him,  
At the excitement that he had,  
At news so pleasing as would seem,  
To Helen he approached and said,

Come, come, dear Helen ! cheer up, cheer !  
Charles ! Charles ! our own dear Charles has come !



In thirty minutes will be here ;  
Cheer up my dear ! he's welcome home.  
And he began to pace the floor,  
See her ! see her ! continued he,  
As a fine carriage to the door,  
With servants drove in livery.

Just then a young man did alight ;  
'Tis Mr. Thompson too, said he !  
I'll introduce him with delight  
To Charles, who will soon present be.  
I don't see why that you so glad  
Should be, to introduce a youth  
Like Charles, that poor and friendless lad,  
To Mr. Thompson of the South !

Thus said his wife ; but Charles may now  
As rich as Mr. Thompson be ;  
For going, he left word you know ;  
(She uttered this sarcastic'ly)  
A fortune for himself should seek.  
And he most fortunate has been  
Madam ! exclaimed Charles, who too quick  
' Had just that moment entered in.

Thanks to an all wise Providence ;  
My Father's house directing to,  
Some years ago, my footsteps thence.  
'Tis Charles himself, that stands with you !  
Helen, delighted, gave a shriek ;

Into his outstretched arms she threw  
Herself, o'ercome too much to speak ;  
But oh ! the tears, when Charles she knew.

The old man was affected so,  
With trembling lip he silent stood ;  
Wept like a child, to see the flow  
Of tears, and love that Helen showed.  
When they somewhat composed become,  
Charles then related to them, what  
Had happened, since he left their home ;  
How prosperous had been his lot !

The joy, in the sweet beaming eye  
Of the delighted girl, that glowed,  
His tender look was equalled by,  
And deep affection that he showed.  
How deep that moment was the bliss !  
By it's delight amends it made,  
For years of absence and distress,  
And doubt that Charles and Helen had.

It was not long e'er he renewed  
The vows he made in youthful years ;  
The blushing girl listened, received,  
And smiled by turns, and wept with tears.  
The cidevant Charles Eliston  
And Helen soon were joined together ;  
Their union too was smiled upon,  
By Helen's proud and haughty mother.

I have been thinking much lately of the  
past and how things have changed since  
I first came to this country many years ago.

It seems so long ago now, and I feel  
as if I had been through a long and  
eventful life. I have seen many changes  
in the world and in the people.

But I still feel as if I have not lived  
to the full. I have many regrets  
and I often think of the things I  
have not done.

I wish I could go back to those  
early days and live them over again.  
I would like to see the people I  
once knew and tell them how I feel.

But I know that is not possible. I  
must live in the present and try to  
make the most of it. I will not  
worry about the past.

I will try to be happy and content  
with what I have. I will not  
complain. I will be thankful for  
all that I have received.

I will try to be a good and  
useful citizen. I will try to  
do my duty to my country and  
to my fellow men.

I will try to live a life of  
honesty and integrity. I will  
try to be true to my word and  
to my principles.

# INDEX.



An Evening Reflection, . . . . .	6
A Thunder Storm at Sea, . . . . .	11
Acrostic, to D. W., . . . . .	44
A Good Choice, . . . . .	49
Acrostic, . . . . .	51
Acrostic, . . . . .	96
Amor Patriæ Vincit, . . . . .	105
A Petition, . . . . .	135
Acrostic on the Lord's Prayer, . . . . .	216
Caption, . . . . .	97
Connubial Affection, . . . . .	123
Crazy Kate, . . . . .	191
Days of my youth, . . . . .	5
Dark hours of my youth, . . . . .	50
Enigma, . . . . .	66
Enigma No. 2, . . . . .	177
For Miss E. C., . . . . .	56
For Slanderers, . . . . .	57
For Miss B. K.'s Album, . . . . .	58
For C. W., . . . . .	101
For Miss K.'s Album, . . . . .	104
For a Lady's Album, . . . . .	152
Hymn for Fast Day, . . . . .	29
Homer's description of the rod of Jupiter as shaking the Heavens, . . . . .	153
Indian Eloquence, . . . . .	125
Liberty, . . . . .	27
Lines on the death of Amelia C. P., . . . . .	133
Land of Beulah, . . . . .	100
Loving our Enemies, . . . . .	122
Mirror for Vanity, . . . . .	102
Marked Retribution, . . . . .	127
Modern Critics, . . . . .	207
Moses the Patriarch, . . . . .	227
My Childhood's Home, . . . . .	182
No place like Home, . . . . .	46
On Infant Consecration, . . . . .	41
Ode to Poverty, . . . . .	52
Ode to the Moon, . . . . .	141
Ode on Time, No. 2, . . . . .	213

262

Ode to Spring, . . . . .	241
Praise God in his Holiness, . . . . .	13
Poem to C—, . . . . .	38
Reflections on Mount Holyoke, . . . . .	17
Stanzas on Man, . . . . .	30
Stanzas on Females, . . . . .	42
Sleep sweetly, Sister, . . . . .	60
Sabbath Eve Reflections, . . . . .	63
Stream of Time, . . . . .	137
Sister, come home, . . . . .	154
The Nature of Friendship, . . . . .	8
The Immortality of the Soul, . . . . .	32
The Drunkard's Son, . . . . .	43
The Guitar, . . . . .	45
To H. B., . . . . .	48
To Miss Fanny T. J., . . . . .	59
To Miss Mary Ann B., . . . . .	62
The Tempest Rages, . . . . .	65
The curse of Slavery; . . . . .	67
The Blind Preacher, . . . . .	71
Turner's Falls, . . . . .	114
The Rose, . . . . .	119
The Savior's Prayer on mount Olivet, . . . . .	131
The Indian Girl, . . . . .	148
The Sabbath Morning Bell, . . . . .	156
The Abencerage. A Spanish Tale, . . . . .	158
The Broken Vow, . . . . .	178
The little girl and the dark grave, . . . . .	188
Tale of Distress, . . . . .	196
The Dream of Washington, . . . . .	205
There's Beauty, . . . . .	206
The Contrast, . . . . .	225
Touch of Kindred Ties, . . . . .	243
Unwritten Poetry, . . . . .	219
Virtue, . . . . .	10
Visions of the Night, . . . . .	103
Wild Flowers, . . . . .	181









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